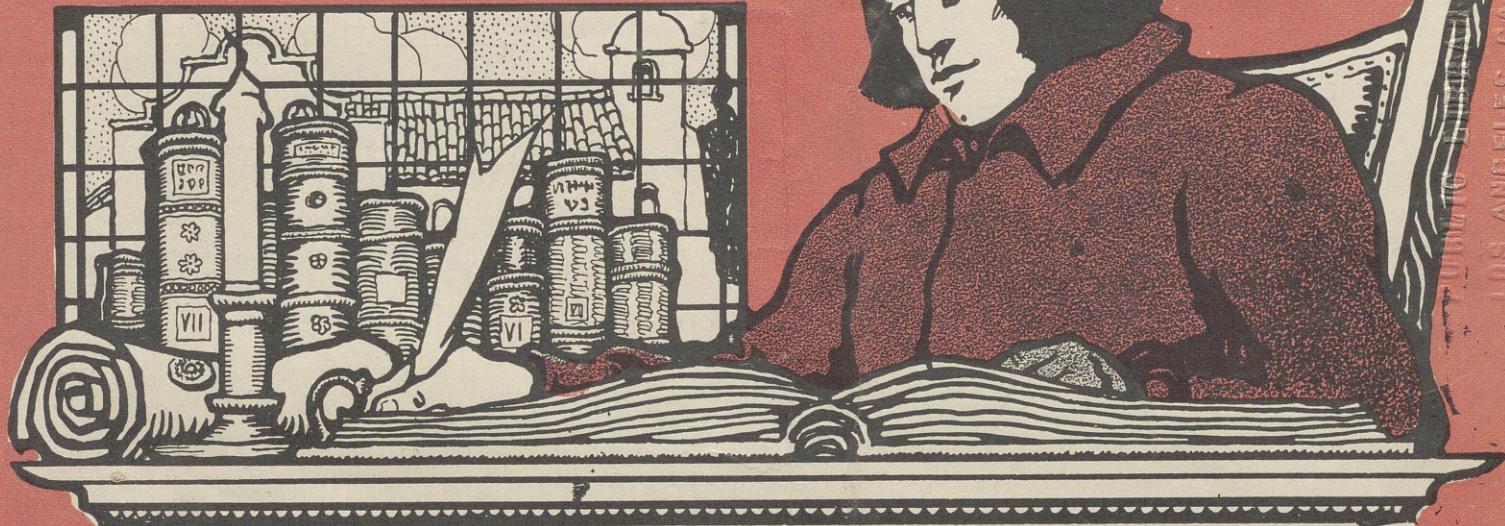


Nineteenth Year—March 30, 1912

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

# The GRAPHIC



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## LOVE'S MIRACLE

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

My garden drooped and died beneath the sallow sun,  
The roses lost their fire in shrouds of ashen dust;  
All day the hot wind blew from bending hills of dun,  
My lillies bowed their heads before the scorching gust.

Then through the haze of dusk there came the springtime rain,  
Across the stirring leaves and through the flower beds;  
Its cool lips kissed the rose until she blushed again,  
Its tender fingers paused to lift the lilies' heads.

All night its soothing tears fell on the thirsty grass,  
(I heard its broken sob throughout the midnight gloom);  
And, lo! a miracle at dawn had come to pass—  
The garden that had died was sweet with bud and bloom.

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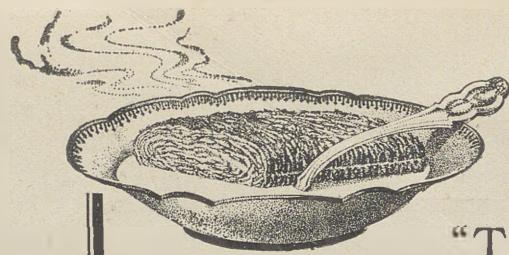
My heart a garden was, high-walled with phantom fears,  
Its flowers buried deep, shut out from sun and rain;  
Its roses faded gray beneath my burning tears,  
Its lillies blackened stalks beneath my gusts of pain.

Then through the pall of dusk there came the breath of spring,  
The springtime of your love—O, faint, sweet ecstasy!  
As wakes the woodland life when nesting robins sing,  
So thrilled my heart to you that day you came to me.

The sunlight of your eyes, your love like gentle rain,  
Have made my garden bloom—its graves are green with grass;  
And though the springtime fade and winter come again,  
The blossoms will not die, their fragrance will not pass.

Though I may watch you go with summer's dreamy haze,  
Or autumn's golden glow may mark our paths apart,  
Yet I shall tend my blooms, remembering the days  
You wakened into life the garden of my heart.

RALPH FULLERTON MOCINE.



# President Taft

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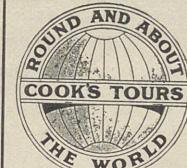


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# THE GRAPHIC

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## HARMONY CANDIDATE IS IMPERATIVE

WHATEVER views one may hold in regard to Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy there can be no question in the mind of the unbiased individual that he represents the spirit of protest regnant in a large portion of the Republican party, the protest against the kind of legislation noticeable in the earlier part of the Taft administration and which still crops out, although with much less frequency since the President awoke to the error of his course. How widespread this is may be gathered from the extent of the following Roosevelt has mustered wherever a fair expression of the people has been recorded. Thus, in Indiana, the other day, the test vote of 775 to 667—almost an even break—may be taken to mean that nearly 50 per cent of the party in the state is opposing a second term for Taft and is prepared to go to any lengths to defeat his ambition.

Nor does it follow that the Taft adherents are altogether satisfied with the President. Many now found supporting his aspirations do so because of their disbelief in the Roosevelt judicial decision recall vagary, rather than out of a sincere desire to see Taft continued in office. Scratch a Taft man and you expose, in nine cases in ten, either an anti-Roosevelter or one in sympathy with a harmony candidate who can lead the party to victory—in other words, with an open mind. This is particularly true of the eastern man affiliated with the Republican organization. He is found deplored the schisms that have rent the party in twain and, recognizing, as he does, the hopelessness of the Taft candidacy, even if he should be renominated, he is ready to transfer his allegiance to that leader on whom the Solomonic minds find it wisest to concentrate at the proper time.

This is why there are so many tentative Taft men in the country and why so many delegates placed in the Taft column are really uninstructed or given discretionary powers to vote for the man most likely to lead the party to victory. With these really progressive representatives of their districts it is not so much a desire to land Mr. Taft as to save the ticket from defeat by naming as its head one who can win the confidence of the rank-and-file voters, who can harmonize the warring factions and so lure the white dove of peace back to the turbulent fold. It must be patent to any studious observer of politics that if Taft is nominated he cannot be elected, with a hopelessly divided party, and it is equally certain that if Roosevelt succeeds in getting himself named at Chicago the present feud will be carried into the campaign with disastrous results. It is rank folly to attempt to nominate either of these candidates, in our humble judgment. The only salvation for the party

lies in the naming of a third man who shall be acceptable to all and to our notion that Moses is Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

## THIRD PARTY ROORBACK

IT HARDLY needed the vigorous denial of Theodore Roosevelt to overtake the assertions, published broadcast by the pro-Taft journals this morning, that in the event of his defeat in the convention he would formulate a third party with himself at the head. That such an interpretation should have been placed upon a statement made by the colonel yesterday in Chicago was wholly gratuitous. Here is the sentence upon which the roorback is based:

If the people decide the present contest the way I think they ought not to do, I will think they are unwise, but will have nothing to say; but if they decide against us as the result of juggling of their rights by bosses, then I will have a good deal to say.

In other words, he will bow to the decision of the majority if it has been fairly expressed, but if it has been muzzled by foul means, if, by the tricks of politicians, the voice of the people has been suppressed, then he will undertake to make that plain with all the force of his convictions. To construe this utterance as a declaration to form a third party is absurdly far-fetched, as we had decided before the denials of Theodore Roosevelt from St. Louis were promulgated. Besides, in his speech at Boston, two weeks ago, the colonel specifically stated that he would abide by the result of the Chicago convention.

No; if the sentence means anything it is a warning to the leaders responsible for the chicanery in the New York primary—in regard to which the colonel has not spoken mincingly—that they may expect to find him at a later date addressing the voters of the country in denunciation of such indefensible tactics and urging them to resent the dirty politics by repudiating the beneficiary. It means, if we are any judge of the language, that Colonel Roosevelt proposes to flay that portion of the party—if it is successful by reason of its crooked methods—from June until November. It means a campaign of the utmost bitterness, in which defeat for Taft is certain. What supreme folly to try to foist either of these antagonistic bodies on the country!

## MISTAKEN REPRIEVE FOR MURDERERS

BY REPRIEVING three murderers, of whose crime there is not the slightest doubt, for whose malignant acts there can be found no trace of extenuating circumstances, Governor Johnson weakly yields to the mollycoddling efforts of those who are seeking to minimize justice in the state by setting aside the penalty imposed by the constitution for life-taking. He might better have patterned after Governor West of Oregon, who, when importuned earlier in the week for executive clemency, in the case of two vicious murderers in his state, responded that the law must take its course.

That is the correct and only logical response to all similar appeals if the country is ever to see any marked diminution in the number of murders that yearly cry out for judicial reprisal. How they are getting it the mistaken action of California's executive offers a fair example. The three malefactors reprieved until May have been given a new lease of life that may or may not be further extended. Presumably, the interim is to be employed by the proponents of the anti-capital punishment movement to gather that monster petition they have assured the governor is on its way. Armed with this, and regardless of the possible decision of the people at a later date, they will ask for a further postponement

of sentence, until a year or hence, when the fiat of the referendum shall have been announced. In the event of a removal of the penalty, of course, the decision will be construed as retroactive or at least so demanded and this delectable trio, together with every other murderer who, meanwhile, is awaiting execution of sentence, will be given another chance to get outside prison walls and wreak further vengeance when the opportunity offers.

Not by such means can respect for the law be enforced and the plethora of crimes abated. Prompt trials, prompt sentences, prompt carrying them into effect offer the only sure remedy. When we see the same silly appeals for leniency in the case of such rascally little scates as Abraham Ruef, made by the same class of misguided philanthropists that are now found seeking to abrogate capital punishment, the quirk in their brains becomes apparent. They are making a serious mistake. They are producing erroneous impressions on the plastic minds of our youths, they are coddling criminals, they are handicapping the courts of justice, they are inciting to crime. If capital punishment should be stricken from the statute books of California look out for a vastly-increased record of murderers as a result. It has proved true elsewhere, before the errant states returned to sanity and hangings.

## AQUEDUCT WATER AND ITS USAGE

CAREFUL study of the report of Chief Engineer Mulholland on the methods by which the aqueduct water is to be brought to Los Angeles and the surplus water distributed reveals the fact that it is to be brought to Los Angeles only approximately, that is, a portion of the surplus water is to flow under that part of Los Angeles that stretches to the sea, on its way to serve Inglewood and Redondo. It is true that the city distributing system can be connected with the aqueduct trunk line whenever necessary, but neither Chief Engineer Mulholland nor any other well-informed advocate of the aqueduct undertaking expects the city will have immediate occasion to use the 2000 miner's inches of water set apart for the municipality proper. Mr. Mulholland is on record as stating that from the present sources of supply he can develop water enough to serve a population of 750,000. This being true, Los Angeles boosters may busy themselves in figuring how soon or how long it will be before the proposed diversion of 2000 miner's inches of aqueduct water will be required.

Primarily, the Owens River supply will be used to irrigate upward of 200,000 acres of farming lands contiguous to Los Angeles and it was for this purpose that the expensive project was originally agitated. A powerful syndicate was formed to "educate" the people. "Shortage of water" scares were hurled at them by the several newspaper publishers heavily interested in the San Fernando Valley, one of whom—who invested \$15,000 in a raw land deal there—is now asking \$500,000 for his holdings. Yet the one newspaper editor who had the courage to print the facts, to warn the people against the unnecessary expenditure, who had no selfish land deals to subserve, was denounced as a subsidized agent of the power companies and a traitor to Los Angeles.

It has taken the people five years to discover who was telling the unvarnished truth, but the editor of the Los Angeles Evening News, who fought his losing fight on principle and sacrificed his all in the attempt to head off an unwarranted extravagance, has the grim satisfaction of seeing his statements verified at this later day. He repeatedly stated that the water was to be taken from Inyo county to supply the farms of Los Angeles county rather than Los Angeles city and lo! we find that Mr. Mulholland's

report apportions 10,573 miner's inches to an area outside the city and less than one-fifth that amount to Los Angeles—in case it is needed. For stating that this was the ultimate plan, early in 1907, the editor of the Los Angeles Evening News, now editor of the Graphic of this city, was all but boiled in oil as a traitor to the community, at the instigation of his wealthy contemporaries interested in land schemes, which the voting of the aqueduct bonds was to render profitable. His newspaper, in which he had embarked the savings of 25 years of hard work at his profession, was ruined by the adverse sentiment his rivals created. Now one of them is asking half a million for what cost him \$15,000. Enough said!

#### VICTIMS OF MISGUIDED IMPULSES

NOT ALL the believers in woman suffrage in England are in sympathy with the militant tactics of the misguided women whose excess of zeal has been shown in so pernicious a manner of late. Addressing a large meeting at Oxford, in support of the cause, recently, Lord Haldane alluded to the disorderly proceedings that took the form of window smashing as "a profound mistake of judgment on the part of those who are now in prison," adding: "They have brought themselves into contact with the strong arm of the state and the state has public opinion behind it, emphatically insisting on the preservation of law and order and the punishment of those who violate the elementary rights of citizenship."

It was an incident, he proceeded, which occurred in the history of all great causes and it was obligatory on those who believed in the principle of woman suffrage to see that the judgment of those who were with them was not deflected or warped by these transient occurrences. Because the popularity of a cause which had been rapidly gaining adherents had been affected it was no reason why they should lose courage or abate one jot in their efforts for its success. Lord Haldane went on to say that the women's cause was steadily advancing and declared that a time would come when the very existence of the present controversy would cause amazement.

In another portion of the London Times in which we find the Lord Haldane speech synopsized is a report of the proceedings at Bow-street police court, where the leaders in the window smashing raids were up for trial. No flowery description of the defendants preceded the terse unfolding of the charges. Caught redhanded by the police, or by the proprietors of the shops whose property had suffered, there was little or no defense made and in a majority of instances the penalty imposed was two months in prison at hard labor. One elderly Scotswoman, charged with breaking a small pane of glass at the war office, admitted she was "very vexed with herself" for having done so and offered to pay for the damage inflicted. She had to take her medicine with the others. Two spinsters urged that they had been "led astray" through listening to fiery speeches. The magistrate said he could understand how young girls might be influenced to their detriment, but not women of mature minds. Two months!

First offenders found no leniency in that plea. They were given the usual sentence. Several young, hysterical women were dismissed with fines and a tart caution. Dr. Ethel Smyth, mentioned as a well-known composer, who was charged with breaking a window in two places, admitted she had thrown a stone at a window she had previously selected, but she was horrified when she found she had missed her aim, that her shot had failed. Two months! One young girl might have escaped, but in telling the judge that if the leaders were punished the women would do "worse and worse," she was promptly sent up for one month. Of all the pathetic cases of misguided impulses that of Hilda Brackenbury, aged 79, charged with breaking a window at the Royal United Service Institution, was the most pitiable. Her lawyer's plea for a fine in lieu of imprisonment was successful and his client was mulcted 40 shillings fine, 25 shillings costs and 8 shillings damages.

Apparently, all the women sentenced were the victims of the Mrs. Pankhurst-Pethrick Lawrence ora-

tory. These leaders have since been arraigned on a charge of conspiracy and are being held without bail. They will probably get a long term in prison, as felons, if the state proves its case. It is a deplorable ending of an ill-advised, pernicious method of campaigning, bound to result in the ruin of the woman suffrage cause if such tactics are continued.

#### DAUDET DONE TO A FINISH

OCASSIONALLY, the daily newspaper delivers itself of a gem of reportorial composition that makes De Maupassant, Daudet, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Louis Stevenson and other masters of the art of short story writing dwindle into insignificance. Such an unfolding was noted in the esteemed Los Angeles Times last Saturday. A woman, overcome by drugs, tries to get help through the telephone, but succumbs before she can call the operator. Two hours later, her young daughter, returning from school, finds her mother's lifeless body on the floor, the telephone receiver swaying from its cord. What an opportunity for a flight of fancy! The immature Daudet seizes it with avidity. After telling of the "desperate struggle of fast-ebbing life, torn and racked under the swift and inexorable action of a destroying drug to lash its numbing senses to coherent action. . . In the very throes of dissolution, the fortress of life crumbling in the pitiless grasp of the conqueror," the dying woman staggers to the receiver—

But the crushing coils of death outpaced even the lightning flash of the automatic electric connection, established the second her faltering, palsied hand lifted the receiver from its hook. Focussing her reeling senses on the little box that was to snatch her back from the grave's edge, she half-supported herself upon it, her hand, cold and heavy with its chilling blood, painfully lifting the receiver to an ear already deaf to earthly sounds.

Then what happened? Ah! The brilliant young De Maupassant is avid to continue. Seize thou upon this bit of faultless diction:

Two miles away a tiny light flashed out on the switchboard of the telephone central station, brave and unwinking as though it appreciated its own message of desperate need. But there was nothing in the little spark to indicate that it meant more than the thousands of other little sparks that flash in and out on the same board every hour of the twenty-four.

So the pretty operator's swift, deft fingers were no more swift than usual as she leaned forward to take the message on which a human life hung by a tenuous thread. She adjusted her nickel bandage without haste and swung the transmitter to her lips.

"Number?" she murmured.

There was no answer.

She pushed the plug in still tighter, the little spark still bright before her, and repeated her query.

Still there was no answer, though her quick ears caught a dull sound as of something falling. . .

Far away the dead woman had slipped quietly to the floor. As she fell her fingers relaxed and the receiver swung to and fro above her, like a tolling bell.

Not since the same paper gave us its notable classic on the murder and suicide at Downey ten years ago, when the blood-stained walls were photographically limned by the estatic word-painting, followed still later by the famous description of a Shriners' ball in which the head waiter was portrayed as having "the manners of a foreign ambassador" and "colored men in evening dress with top hats and the most excruciating elegance met every carriage and handed the ladies to the curbing," has a richer display of verbal pyrotechnics been afforded readers of our sprightly morning contemporary at the other end of the short line. Felicitations and, likewise, mush!

#### BEEF BARONS ESCAPE PENALTY

BEEF TRUST? There isn't any! There never was any! The jury in Chicago has so declared and the nine defendants have been discharged by the federal trial judge. Incidentally, the news report mentions that the total wealth of the beef barons affected aggregates \$190,000,000. For ten years the government has been on the trail of the alleged beef trust. Originally, there were sixteen indicted for forming a combination in restraint of trade, but in 1906 United States Judge Humphrey gave them the famous "immunity bath" and for three years serenity

reigned in the packers' camp. Then a cloud appeared on the horizon in the form of renewed federal indictments, but a year later they were dismissed as faulty and new indictments returned. Sixteen months later the packers were placed on trial for violating the Sherman anti-trust law and four months after a jury has declared them not guilty.

Conditions have changed since the Sherman law went into effect, is the plea of the defense. What was a crime then modern methods of doing business have rendered perfectly legitimate. Doubtless, there is good sophistical argument in this, but the high price of beef, higher than in many years, is the only answer the consumer can offer to such specious theorizing. Whether the price of cattle on the hoof is fixed in formal session of the combine or at dinner over a bottle of extra dry matters little. The result to the housekeeper remains the same. With control of the ranges, control of the stockyards, not alone in Chicago, but at every central buying point, control of the large packing houses of the country, the individual who attempts to fight the combine is hopelessly handicapped and the public has to submit to the trust exactions.

Still, the government, apparently, is powerless to enforce its contention or, rather, is unable to prove beyond technical question the guilt of the men indicted. Ten years have lapsed since the packers were temporarily enjoined from proceeding in restraint of trade and in the interim the several attempts to fasten the alleged crime upon the so-called beef trust have signally failed. Yet the retail prices of meats have been steadily advanced until now the topnotch is reached. Perhaps, the packers need the money to meet the heavy expense of defending the federal suits. The highest priced lawyers in the country have been engaged for months in arguing their cause and, having won, the emolument must be commensurate. When the Chicago University is in receipt of a larger donation than usual from Mr. Rockefeller upward goes the price of oil. Meats are in the same category, it seems.

#### JUSTICE HUGHES' POSITION

WE HAVE good reason to know that Justice Hughes is sincerely in earnest in his declaration that he prefers the bench to the White House and is in no sense a candidate for presidential honor. Besides, he admires Mr. Taft greatly and hopes the President will realize his ambition to serve a second term. This is his attitude, outwardly and inwardly; it is the honest expression of an abnormally honest man. Yet, too, Mr. Justice Hughes has been heard to say that no citizen of the republic has a right to set up his individual will against a unanimous call, voiced by delegated representatives of his party, and that if the convention should demand that he serve the country by accepting the nomination it would be his duty to put aside his personal preference and respond.

In this respect, Justice Hughes is far more sincere than the colonel who, saying he would ne'er consent, not only consented, but has uncoiled his lariat and is out in the open preparing to rope delegates, instead of waiting for them to do the herding. Hughes' nomination can only come by an insistent uprising of the convention, in case of a deadlock that will yield neither to Taft nor Roosevelt. In the event of the convention turning to him, en masse, with the President himself urging him to waive his preferences, then, and under those conditions only, will Associate Justice Hughes give his consent.

It is with this in view that New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Vermont and other states are arguing for discretionary powers to declare for Hughes when they find Mr. Taft's nomination is hopeless and it explains why no effort is to be made to pledge any state delegation to Hughes. There is to be no open switch from Taft until it is demonstrated beyond a doubt that he cannot be named. At the proper time, New York will cast her ninety votes for Hughes, followed by Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Then the deadlock will be broken and the party given a leader who will be able to harmonize all factions and sweep the country.

## Suggestions for a Garden of Graciousness---By Madge Clover

ALWAYS, the line of beauty is a curve. Even a tiny garden on a city lot may, with a little thought—and a compass—gain spaciousness, grace and charm by careful planting. By the simple device of rounding the corners of the lawn where it meets the sidewalk, planting a clump of bamboo in each corner—nigris in one, gracilis in another—an effect of grace and of privacy may be attained. A low box hedge along the straight side connecting the ends of the curves, completes the figure. On the other side the curve sweeps up to the steps which lead to the house entrance; a shallow cement pool kept full of fresh water will attract buds. Also, it will delight the eye as the shadows of the bamboo creep over its surface.

To balance this, a double flowering cherry tree planted in the embrace of the opposite curve will be a joy in its blossoming time. Set exactly in the center, the porch of the house may have purple and white wistaria clambering over it, to be a dream of beauty in the early spring, when the long plumes of bloom will droop from every point. As a border there may be pansies and daisies. Between the cherry tree and the pool would be a slightly place for a gazing globe to reflect clouds and trees, skimming birds and quivering leaves. At one end of the porch, not too much in evidence, as it is only slightly a part of the year, may be a bed of lillies. No plant yields so much for so little care and space. With careful choosing, one may have variety in bloom the year round, there are so many kinds to select from.

In the space between the porch and the edge of the lot place a group of three dracaenas. They are tall and straight, cast little shade and have the value of an architectural effect. Across the walk from the pool, place a crepe myrtle tree, and beyond two fruit trees. Close to the house, on opposite sides of the walk leading from the kitchen door to the alley, plant a bed of violets and one of annuals as gay and varied as possible, with a border of mignonette and sweet alyssum. The back walk may have a curve also, just before it reaches the garage and at that point plant a group of three dense shrubs, to shut off the termination of the walk, and lead the imagination on. The back fence may be a trellis, supporting blackberry vines, grapes, or roses, as the task dictates. Pink and white cherokees make a lovely screen, exquisite in bloom, and a brilliant glossy green for the remainder of the year. The trellis may run the length of the side line as well and carry many varieties of roses for cutting as most of the finest kinds are budded to climbers now by progressive nursery men.

From the back of the house to the alley line will be a stretch of green sward, in the center of which a summer house, or rather a roof supported by pillars, will make a place to sit, sheltered from the sun. Sweet-scented honey suckle started up the pillars will soon make an odorous screen and with a hammock and a tea table, where may one better "invite one's soul" than in such an enchanting spot, where shadows lie, peace reigns and there are "smale fowles makin' melode."

There will be spring in this garden, a real bursting into bloom, to gladden the heart. Along the drive plant a bed of flowering shrubs, deciduous and perpetual alternating, so that each month of the year will greet its own favorite color or kind. This garden may all be achieved on a city lot of regulation size, 50x150, and will be an unceasing joy and satisfaction to its owner. Begin with a plan. Firmly decline unsuitable slips from enthusiastic friends; if possible, consult a landscape architect. He, or she, for there are both, will not scorn to give advice regarding even one narrow lot, for almost without exception a landscape gardener is a beauty lover and all the joy of his profession is not in the fee.

### For Garden Accessories

Besides the plan and the planting there are many simple accessories which add greatly to the character of a garden. There are potteries where urns and pots on original designs may be turned and artistic cement workers can be found to build benches, tables, pedestals for sundials or gazing globes. Also a Claude Lorraine glass will bring wonderful beauties within the compass of the eyes; far away hills, trees and clouds in all the exquisiteness of natural coloring are seen enshrouded, within an arm's length. Then there is an infinite variety of rustic work. There is one genuine artist in his line in Los Angeles. Trellises, fences, summer houses, fountains, seats of every kind and a dozen things you have not thought of can be made to embellish the charm of growing things.

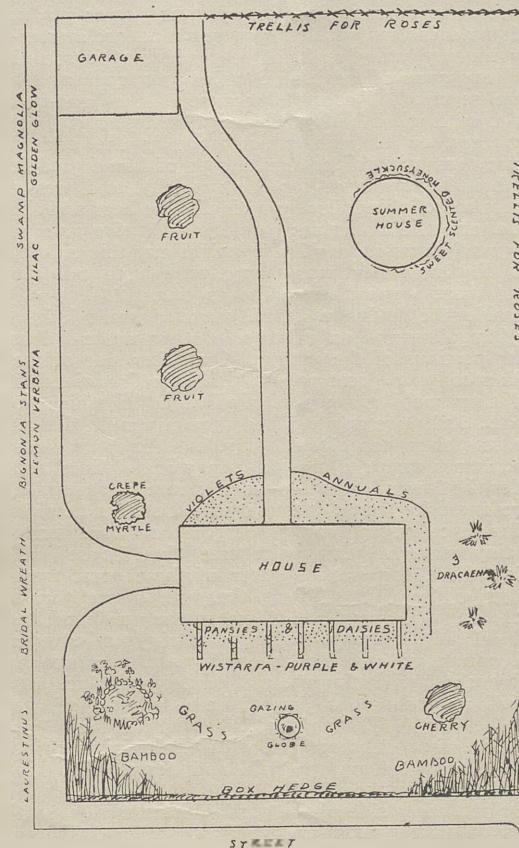
Tourists are continually asking, "Why do not Californians use their gardens more?" That is

what The Graphic is asking, and trying at the same time to offer suggestions to the end of making the garden "livable." There are two things in the way. We are so inclined to make each place look like every other place, and so loth to shut out the public view. A garden must insure privacy before it can begin to show any individual charm. Don't hesitate to plant a hedge or build a wall, if necessary.

Then there must be variety. Who wants a friend to look always the same! The garden should show the recurring seasons, above all, the spring. The blood runs to a different tune when new leaves, spring and birds are nesting. Plant a swamp magnolia and watch its delicate tulip-like flowers blossom on bare brown stalks, or a "golden-glow," or any of the flowering Japanese shrubs, the quince, the peach or the cherry, if you would get the joy of a reawakened world. Anyone who wants a model for a yard that always looks the same, has only to take a ride on any street car line, and observe. It is easy of achievement; but it is as uninteresting as lukewarm tea!

### Plan For a Shady Frontage

For a north front that gets few direct rays of the sun, a blue and lavender color scheme is pretty and practical. The walk goes straight to the house; on each side mass heliotrope with a border of lobelia,



or "dusty miller." On one side of the lawn plant a Jackaranda tree, on the other side a plumbago bush with its porcelain blue blossoms; back of the bush a cedar tree for variety of foliage and to mark a solid back ground for the pale colors, because the back yard must make up for this front of delicate sobriety. On the east side of the house is a good place for iris and ferns, which are friendly neighbors. If there is a drive leading back to a garage, let it be hedged with laurestinus, a neutral color, and train solanum over the garage. Border the back walk on the side toward the drive with lavender, guava bushes, herbs and an edge of parsley, with mint near a faucet. This is as pretty as possible and beloved of the cook! The larger side of the back yard may be in lawn, with two or three fruit trees, a line of bamboo to shut out unsightliness and a pergola on the south side of the house where the owner, and the children may sit out of doors.

One of the most original and delightful houses in Los Angeles has this situation, a north front and a one lot restriction, and a garden with privacy—that is a part of the house; she calls it the "outside living room." The house covers the lot from side to side; an entrance hall opens into a large living room, which has wide windows at the back looking into the garden. Opening from the hall upon the other side of the front of the house, is

the kitchen. Back of it, the dining room with windows like the living rooms. The hall opens with French doors, into the "outside sitting room," which thus seems fairly brought into the house. This is the most livable garden imaginable. The kitchen windows are prettily curtained and a gate from the street to the kitchen entrance is made in attractive design so the front of the house betrays nothing unusual while all the sun and beauty are in the most available place for the pleasure of the household.

### For a Riot of Color

If your garden faces the south and you love rioting color, bank the house with red geraniums and caliopsis, place a red flowering eucalyptus on one side of the lawn, an Australian flame tree on the other, with a sun-dial between to "mark the sunny hours," poinsettias along the edge, gallardias, larkspur, snapdragons and bachelor buttons nestling in between. Put hollyhocks and fox-glove against the back fence with a bed of salvia in one corner. Two or three acacias on the lawns and a yellow bignonia dropping orange fringes from the roof and chimney top will satisfy the most exacting. Cannas massed or in rows make splendid splashes of color, and a hedge of sweet peas ten feet high is worth going miles to see. Don't forget to choose a few plants for perfume—lemon verbena, rose geranium, honeysuckle and jasmine.

If the home is a transient one and building a garden house an unwarranted expense, any manufacturer of tents and awnings can contrive a portable one that will assure an intimate association with one's garden. To be enjoyed a garden must be lived in, not merely watered, and walked through. A secluded spot for a teatime, a long chair and a book is better for everyday use than "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," so much lauded of poets.

### THE SUN DIAL IN THE GARDEN

By Walter Lewis Burn

So strong are the moral and poetic aspects of the sundial and the possibilities of its artistic adaptation to our modern homes, gardens, walls or garages so great, that I wonder more people do not take advantage of its use. In this lazy, hazy, sunshiny atmosphere sundials should thrive, and help our lives by their very presence. Writing of the sundial in 1526 Andrew Schoner says: "We could no more dispense with them than with meat and drink."

Realizing their great value to the world in its past history alone should make us desire to give them consideration to-day, and especially when building the new home. Then, if ever, we should feel a strong desire to keep in touch with the past, so as more accurately to adjust our lives, and direct the lives of those about us with the aid of the overruling Power of both sundials and ourselves.

In Job 12:27 we find this supposed reference to dials: "As a servant that earnestly desireth the shadow."

Ploughmen in the fields of upper Egypt were wont to leave the buffalo in the furrow to consult the shadow cast by a palm-rod on a circle of stones to learn how soon they might cease their labor. The shadow on the dial is more poetical and suggestive than the sound of the pendulum, and many children and elders, too, might get a clearer conception of the sacredness of time did they occasionally seek wisdom of a sundial.

In a garden a well placed dial lends pleasing variety; in the bright sun its ever-changing shadow is most agreeable, while even on dull days it holds inspiration. It makes a fantastic pylon for the fairy butterfly-aviators, as they speed about the flower-bed course. Individuality has been charmingly expressed by several local garden lovers in the way they have placed or surrounded their dials. In the Dr. Guy Cochran garden in Loma Drive the message of the dial seems gently withheld by the surrounding lilies. One here feels content to let time pass and dream that youth lasts on and on.

In Mr. Lee C. Phillips' garden in Berkeley Square the dial is centrally located, and from it beds of plants radiate as though paying deference to time, the essence of life. The dial bears this motto: "Time passes, like a dove's wing—unsailed, and swift, and of a silken sound." At Montecito in the garden of Mr. Gillespie one finds the master garden-builder staying time. After splashing fountains, little rills, reflecting basins, tall cypress, bamboo jungle, swimming pool and, ah! such vistas, one comes to leave this world-famed garden that represents the thought and study of its owner since he as a youth began his travels and collections of impressions and antiques from all over the world.

On our way out we pass the glass house, the birthplace of flowers, and then through a cactus garden, completely surrounded by a hedge, in the center we find the dial, and this command: "Stand thou here and count the hours till our return." It is as though the master has spoken. We are at once satisfied. We feel that with him we shall return, and the cactus beds seem to assure us that there shall be no change. Exquisite happiness pervades one's whole being, and we feel as the owner must, as he steps from here to his other homes and gardens in Brazil, New York or Cuba.

Upon a rear wall of the Santa Barbara Mission a dial is mounted that marks the all-too-fleeting hours in a most solemn way. The two upper bolts that hold the place seem to stare at one, the triangle, the bottom portion of which is curved, casts a shadow which represents nose and down-drawn mouth. So, through many gardens, we might go and study ever so many dials and yet never find our own; but each with care and thought can make the plan that one day, when carried out in our own home garden will be as the setting of the jewel. Let each one select the happy theme, from his or her own life, and set about expressing it individually.

Mrs. Adelbert Fenyer in her garden in Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, has placed a dial near the entrance to her garden studio, as though the better to mark the pleasant hours passed therein. There are women who might like the garden dial to be seen from their writing-desks; others from the nursery, still others from the music room or library.

The construction of a sundial gives opportunity for the display of one's abilities, be they scientific, mechanical, artistic or poetic. No dial seems complete without "a soul"—the motto.

The horizontal dial is the oldest and most used and quite a bit the easiest to construct. Usually, it is made of bronze and surmounts a pedestal that should be both ornamental and artistic and fit the particular location by being made of a material that harmonizes with the surroundings, without being made of a material or in a manner that would have been impossible of construction at the time sundials were most used.

Then we have the declining or wall dial. This type of dial has been but little used in this locality. It can be made very attractive and need not be too small, but can be made large enough to be a feature of the side of a building. Favorite locations have been over an arched doorway, or window, or chimney, and on garden walls. They can be made to face any direction that will receive the direct sunlight. The refractive sundial is to me particularly attractive and especially when it is made to take the form of a leaded glass window. The shadow is cast on ground or colored glass and the numerals so placed as to make it possible to read the hour from the interior. Such a dial on the hall window seems most appropriate.

The Encyclopedia Britannica gives rules for making sundials that are easy to follow. Dialling was part of a complete education in the sixteenth and seventh centuries and may be profitably studied today. The horizontal dial is the easiest to construct, consisting as it does of a flat plate on which can be marked the hours and the elevated stile or gnomon which casts a shadow on the flat marked plate. The plate of the dial must be placed level with the gnomon parallel to the polar axis of the earth or pointing to pole star at meridian. The angle of the gnomon should equal latitude of place, that of Los Angeles being 34°.

#### PLEA FOR RETURN OF THE FLOWER GARDEN

By Belle Sumner Angier

As a Californian, and for a decade or more a resident of the most wonderful city of homes in the world, I feel that I must, through The Graphic, voice my protest at the neglect of the flower garden in Los Angeles. I am fairly wearying for the sight of a flower garden—a garden of flowers, such as ten years ago one might see in almost any residence block in the then old-young city, which is now to me a dreary "middle-aged" city for lack of flower gardens.

Lawns we have in vast numbers, quite a few in South Figueroa and West Adams streets that deserve to be called "velvety turf," but one may go to the extreme western end of West Adams street, passing miles of magnificent residences, surrounded by thousands of square yards of good grass and paved walks, relieved only by an occasional palm tree, or a still rarer deciduous tree, but with two or three notable exceptions, one will see never a flower garden. Back of the high wall which conceals from street view the formal garden of Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner is a picturesque bit of Japanese gardening art, brilliant at times with the color of yellow daffodils or stately larkspur, but this is not the sort of a flower garden to which I refer or for which I am crying out. The Walter Miller Clark home in West Adams street has a walled garden

and in the days when Mrs. David C. McCann was the mistress of the property, if my memory serves me, there was a flower garden behind the wall, though of a more severely formal type than the flower garden I am seeking today. The J. T. Fitzgerald place at West Adams and Western, built by Mrs. E. M. Neustadt, has a splendid bit of formal gardening and its present owners have, through their love of color, introduced to the formal Italian garden radiant bits of garden-bed blossoming, but even this is not a true flower garden.

Go you east, or west, north or south in the city you can scarcely find to-day, certainly not in profusion, anything of the blossoming kind. Flower-growing seems to have been relegated to the professional florist, and a Los Angeles lover could never, in the language of the immortal poet, implore his Maud to come into the garden for an obvious reason.

Even our public gardens have become formal parks, so formal, in fact, that it has apparently become almost a crime to sit down in them, and even to speak above a whisper, and as for flowers, at each meeting of the park commissioners one may read in the minutes that it has been decided to discontinue flower growing in this or that section of such and such a park, until one wonders what our parks will be after awhile, sans flowers, sans shrubs, sans trees, and sans liberty. But, this is a digression.

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Shall I tell you about a flower garden of not so long ago, that truly existed, and which might have been, at the time, duplicated a thousand times, and which was really responsible for attracting to California a lot of the people who now very stupidly, as it seems to me, dispense with the flower-garden and build instead vineless pergolas and architecturally hideous walls, and call it gardening forsooth? "Honeysuckle Lodge" we called our garden, the name seeming appropriate because of the four-foot hedge of English honeysuckle, flat on top, and three feet deep, or through, which gave us the desired privacy essential to the perfect type of home garden, yet breathed perfume for the passerby, and was a suggestion of things lovely within. The bees and the birds, and the butterflies would stop at the gate to congratulate us on our hedge unlike any this side of Old England they would say, though to tell the truth there were others quite as fine.

Inside the hedge a broad graveled walk led to the bungalow and on either side other walks led to other portions of the garden. On either side of the walk stood two great palms, "Phoenix Canariensis," and they were given plenty of room in which to expand and were not trimmed to a miserable tuft as one sees them too often to-day, but the long, fern-like plumes swept to the walk in graceful lines and under the lower leaves, should you care to penetrate, were exquisite waxen begonias in all shades of pink and rose color, and clumps of gold, and rare ferns, of tiny stature. Our palm tree "hot house" we called them, for in the shelter of these great trees we grew the dainty things that would not thrive in the open. Beyond the palms on the one hand we had in their season, dahlias, and chrysanthemums and coreopsis, and blue corn flowers, and stately hollyhocks, and larkspurs, red, white, and blue, and I well remember our joy in the wonderful shades of blue in the French varieties, and of the blaze of color when we succeeded with "Delphinium cardinale" brought from the wild and desert places of San Diego county.

On the other side of the garden there were stately lilies of many sorts, callas of course, and Easter Bermuda lilies, and in their season iris from other lands of strange pastel shades that seem almost unnatural in flowers. Here, too, we had the hyacinth, and the tulips, and the amaryllis; freesias, oxalis, narcissus, and daffodils, and beyond these the rose garden.

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Our rose garden was defined by a straggling, loose sort of hedge of the Glorie de Rosmane, or Ragged Robin rose, the sweetest rose that blows, and besides these, there were thirty or forty other varieties, not counting the climbing roses that seemed to vie with each other in their desire completely to cover the house, the barn, the pergolas and the old-fashioned summer house where the much-used and abused hammock swayed in the summer breezes. There was mignonette in our garden, and thyme, and then there were geraniums, not despised geraniums, but great royal kingly sorts, and many-hued "Martha Washingtons" as we called the pelargoniums. There was "Breath of Heaven" and gypsophila that was cut with the roses each day, and back of all these there was room for the pomegranate with its glorious blossoms, and luscious fruits, and the guavas with their snow white bloom and fruited heavily later. Orange blossoms wafted their sweet perfume and the mocking bird built in the magnolia tree.

Ah, those were the days when life was young, and the garden of the heart's desire was at hand. To-day, we might have this all duplicated, yes, in the

phraseology of the commercial world, we could double discount it, but we do not, and neither does any one else.

We buy our flowers in Fourth street, and we motor to the suburbs at such a speed that we could not see a garden if it were by the wayside, and the worst of it all is, that we have no flower gardens and the world from abroad is beginning to take notice of the fact, even the tourist, and one day we shall come to realize that here in the city of homes, the flower garden which should be an integral part of home making has disappeared.

#### OPPORTUNITIES FOR LANDSCAPE GARDEN

By Helen Dupuy

Laying out grounds, as it is called, may be considered as a liberal art, in some sort like poetry and painting, and its object, like that of all the liberal arts, is, or ought to be, to move the affections under the control of good sense. If this be so when we are merely putting together words or colors, how much more ought the feeling to prevail when we are in the midst of the realities of things; of the beauty and harmony, of the joy and happiness, of living creatures; of men and children, of birds and beasts, of hills and streams, and trees and flowers, with the changes of night and day, evening and morning, summer and winter, and all their unwearyed actions and energies.

—Wordsworth.

ASILY, the region about Los Angeles may become a paradise of gardens. So far as I can judge, this effect is conditioned only by taste and water. The question of water grows increasingly simple; there remains that of taste, which is never a simple matter, but which, after all, may be acquired. And, fortunately, examples of good planning and planting are more genuinely emulated than bad ones, and there is no end to the results of one example of well-directed effort.

To the trained observers, these happy effects are surprisingly rare about Los Angeles. Time and money have been spent, in cases lavishly, but there seems to be little general appreciation of certain of the cardinal principles of beauty in landscape and in gardens. It is certainly a fact that every house that was ever built needs its setting in trees and shrubs and flowers and vines. If the architecture be good, the effect will be enhanced; if it be poor, the effect will be neutralized. And every well-designed house will have its affinity among the trees and vines in this wonderful country. There are certain stretches of wall of ivory-color stucco that cry aloud for the glinting shadows of the lemon eucalyptus; there are balustraded terraces that would be incomplete, indeed, without the arms of ancient live-oaks spread protectingly near. And every one of the many mushroom bungalows would be happier with its spreading pepper-tree and jasmine and trumpet-vines, and very possibly without its scarlet geraniums and magenta bougainvillea.

That so much of life is lived outdoors, in California, makes the planning of gardens, which are really outdoor dwelling places, share the importance of house-planning. If our livingrooms are to be comfortable and reposeful—full of quiet color and well-planned open spaces, so also should our gardens be; and they may have, besides, the charm of changing sky and wind-tossed branches—the exquisite beauty and mute companionship of growing things. And of growing things there should be a plenty in every garden, so that there may be shade, seclusion, and serenity. There should be tall shrubs and trees of beautiful form, so that the shadows cast on the sunny lawn may lengthen mysteriously in the late afternoon. There should, besides, be real deep shade, for coolness when such is desired, and when it is not, to enhance by contrast the comfort of the sunniness elsewhere in the garden.

And seclusion there should be. The garden is to be lived in, and it is impossible to stretch the luxuriously in an easy chair with a book, to sew lazily, or to serve tea, in the gazes of every passerby. However friendly we may be to the world in general, we do occasionally pull down the shades in our own houses. We cannot at once have a garden and a park, and we would better realize that there is more positive pleasure given to the passerby of sensibility by suggestive glimpses through gates and hedges, into gardens green and cool, and gardens flaming with color—into gardens with benches and tables, and hammocks and sand piles, and perhaps—oh joy!—a fountain—than by stretches of never so well-kept lawn leading straight up to the foundations of the house, with basement windows and area-ways and other such unfortunate necessities mournfully insisting upon themselves. Even when there are no such glimpses, a well-built wall overrun with rambler, or a trimly-cut hedge and glimpses of gables beyond, suggest such gardens, with their invisible but friendly presiding spirits somewhere within.

Our democracy is surely leading us to a *reductio ad absurdum* when it persuades us to abjure hedges and walls. And this, I think, is true quite as much for the owners of fifty feet of land and a bungalow as for the larger land-holder. The less the space the more precious it is, and the more ingenious must

be the devices for making it useful and at the same time beautiful. The English cottage's dooryard teaches us most beautifully how this may be done. It is full of flowers—daffodils and lilies and larkspurs and peonies and foxgloves, and lavenders and rosemary and rue. I wonder how it is that we in California have escaped from the Anglo-Saxon traditions which have made these flowers lovable from time immemorial! They are so seldom in our gardens here; the "mixed herbaceous border," that loveliest of all English garden beauties, we have scarcely at all.

We are not garden enthusiasts, and we take the easiest way. Because we are all Americans, and the same Americans who were not long since intent on making money quick in a part of the work-a-day world beyond the Sierras, we find ourselves intent on having a garden quick in this lovely land which was made for leisure and serenity and gardens which are thought over and loved at every stage of their growth, and planted for enduring beauty and enjoyment. Most, we have yet to learn what the genuine enthusiasm of the garden is. Once this is done, and our taste in garden design cultivated, we shall certainly have as beautiful a countryside, as beautiful a city and suburbs, as any in the country.

For the material we have to work with is unlimited. Not only in the plants which figure in boosters' stories—the six-foot geranium hedges in constant bloom, the poinsettias reaching to the second-story windows (which are in reality much more beautiful dwarf in our eastern greenhouses), but in countless other plants much less well known. I like to believe, and I think I am very near the truth, that there is a plant which would thrive here to answer to every conceivable artistic use. In New England and the Great Lake country, there was the constant regret: "That would be just the thing, but it isn't hardy here!" And to those of us who had known the richness of English gardens, with their lavish use of broad-leaved evergreen shrubs and climbers, which give to the gardens an air of permanence like that of the house, the sense of loss was poignant. But here in California we have them again, most of them at least. Some, to be sure, are burned up by our hot suns and lack of moisture. But there are others to replace them, and then, besides, all the sub-tropical flora which in England must be grown in the hot-houses, or used for summer bedding.

The fact that plants grow so quickly here has both its advantages and its disadvantages. It means that the full ripe enjoyment of the garden comes so much sooner; the man who plants a tree does it for himself as well as posterity. And for those who establish their homes here in later life, this is a great point. And to anyone it is an infinite satisfaction to see his dreams taking tangible form before his eyes.

But it means, too, that we are under the worst of all baneful influences in planting: the specimen fallacy. Each plant is beautiful in itself, therefore, we shall obtain the greatest beauty in our gardens by having a collection of these individual beauties! So argues the unthinking person, and orders from the nursery one each of fifty species. The result cannot well escape being frightful. There are trees beautiful on such a grand scale that their setting is a minor matter—we enjoy them in isolation. But all flowering plants need for their best use a structural background of quiet green, without other bright color near. And it is fatal to all sense of repose in a garden to cut up the lawn with specimen plants dotted about, at either regular or irregular intervals. Plant in masses! That is the simplest rule of landscape gardening, and the most far-reaching in its good influence.

Of course, things do get beyond bounds all too quickly. But by intelligent choice, plants may be used which have a naturally limited growth. These should be more systematically grown and recommended by nurserymen. In fact, if the course I have been advising were entered upon by many, the nurseries would not be able to supply the demand for hedge plants, and for inexpensive small stock to be planted in masses. Not until the demand comes will the supply be adequate; once there is a demand, the meeting of it will be a simple matter. So the desired end will be worked out, with a just appreciation of the work of professional landscape architects, and that broad-spread development of taste which grows from thoughtful observation.

Gardens we will have, we of Southern California—hill gardens and valley gardens, fruit gardens and flower gardens, gardens with a mountain view and gardens which enclose their own diminutive loveliness—and, as soon as we wish it enough, they will all be beautiful.

How fortunate that Secretary Knox can so time his return as to be in San Francisco May 8, to speak at the annual banquet of the California Development Board. He will do so at the suggestion of President Taft, who wishes the secretary of state to get in touch with the officials of the Panama Pacific Exposition.

## GLIMPSE OF PARIS GARDENS

By Frank Patterson

ONE of the most striking things, even to the most casual American visitor to Paris, is the amount of space "wasted"—I use the term in the American sense—on public parks, squares and gardens. One is prone to ask how it is possible that the city can afford to utilize so great an amount of valuable building property for such a purpose. And this astonishment grows when one gets settled down here and finds that there are thousands of private gardens which cannot be seen from the street and actually belong to the few families that inhabit the tall buildings which surround them. Considering the enormous value of land here, and also its great earning capacity when improved, we are sure to repeat over and over: "Well; they may be able to do that here, but we certainly cannot do it in America!"

That, alas! is only too true! We cannot do it in America simply because we have the habit—and a very bad habit it is!—of valuing God's earth by dollars and cents, and God's fresh air not at all. I do not for a minute claim that the modern Frenchman is different in this regard. He, too, is becoming Americanized, and figuring that the open space inside of a building must be as small as possible so as to crowd in more rentable floor-space. But a good deal of Paris was built according to plans furnished by a certain beneficent and far-seeing tyrant of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. To him must be laid the blame for all this "wasted" space. To him the blame for these broad avenues, these great squares, these beautiful lines of trees, and all the rest of the lovely features that make Paris the queen of the world. It is true that times have changed and that part of the work planned has been left incomplete, such, for instance, as the cutting through of the Boulevard Haussmann, true also that many of the actual plans were drawn under the inspiration of Napoleon III. But the idea of these great reforms came from the First Consul, and all that has been simply the reflection of that great brain.

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Leaving my house I have my choice of four or five directions which will lead me in a few minutes' walk to one of these great open spaces with their trees, their sunshine, their groups of laughing children, and all that goes to make up this gay picture of happiness and well-being. If I turn to the east I reach in a minute or two the Place des Invalides, a square large enough to hold nearly the whole French army. Standing there near the great Hotel des Invalides with its wonderful golden dome, underneath which lies the body of the great Napoleon, I see before me the artistic bridge of Alexandre with its shining bronze statues and beyond it the enormous glass roof of the Grand Palais where all of the great exhibits are held. If I cross the bridge I can turn either way along the river which is bordered for miles with trees and gardens decorated at frequent intervals with statuary of the greatest artistic merit, the works of the greatest masters of France. If I go a little further to the north I reach the splendid Champs Elysees, with its great triumphal arch at one end and its smaller arch, in the garden of the Tuilleries, at the other. If I follow this Champs Elysees I reach the no less beautiful Avenue de Bois de Boulogne which leads to the great parks of Paris, Saint Cloud and Meudon.

Everywhere along these routes are trees, shrubs and flower beds which, even in this winter season, show some green and a few flowers, thanks to the constant attention of skilled gardeners and the great municipal hot-houses that they have at their disposal. And, finally, on reaching the park, I find myself in a real forest with tall trees overhanging green meadows and shady glades, where sheep and cattle keep the grass cropped close, and where, here and there, may be seen shallow ponds with swans on the surface of dark water stirred into tiny ripples by playing fountain or sparkling cascades. Turning back toward home I pass the many little gardens of Passy, the splendidly laid out hillside of the park of the Trocadero, and the exposition ground of the Champ de Mars, now turned into a park, at one end of which stands the Eiffel Tower throwing the reflection of its iron lacework into the little lakes that lie at its base.

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But all of this is what every visitor sees, nor does this exhaust all of the parks and gardens described in any guide book. There is the Park Monceau, the Luxembourg, the Jardin d'Acclimation, Pere-Lachaise and Montmartre Cemeteries, and a number of other smaller parks and squares all laid out with the same sumptuous disregard of space and expense, with the same desire to be artistic at all costs. However, that which the casual visitor to Paris does not see, which is found in no guide book, the existence of which is often not even suspected, is the private garden which hides itself behind the

massive buildings which line the narrow streets in the older quarters of the city. The first idea that I gained of the existence of these gardens with their charming air of romantic antiquity, was by glancing in one day through an open doorway. These Paris doorways are pretty much all alike, a sort of tunnel, so to speak, leading through the ground floor of the building and giving entrance to the court and to the various stairways. To give you an idea of it I must explain that all Paris apartment houses have courts, mostly with stairways leading from them to the smaller apartments which a majority of these buildings contain, to the servants' quarters, or to the rear entrance of the large apartments, entrances especially intended for servants, deliveries, etc. The large street door generally stands open during the day, but the door to the court is closed, so that one may glance into the entrance a hundred times without finding both doors open at once, and without being able to see into the court at all.

But that one chance came to me and I was filled with surprise to see through the open door a vast garden behind with trees, flower-beds, fountains, statues and stone benches. Without a moment's hesitation, drawn by an irresistible charm, I walked right in and had a good look at it. To say that I was astonished hardly expresses my feelings. It was like finding fairy-land hidden behind the most prosaic of brown-stone fronts, in the most unromantic of narrow Paris streets. More than one poet, and notably my favorite poet, Swinburne, has written of "the old garden," but it seemed to me that I had never seen one until I walked in through that gateway to fair-land.

It was old, old, old! The grass-plots were full of weeds, the paths marked with the impress of dried puddles from the recent rain just turning green with a covering of weak, short moss, the statues were broken or leaning over as if weary of their long neglect, the stone benches, upon which had sat in the dim, forgotten past ladies in flowing skirts and gentlemen in silken hose, repeating together the latest sonnet, or making love to the twang of a six-stringed lute; these benches, so brown and old and moss-covered, were laid over with the dust of years, untouched, unused, a reminder over-strong of our own sad modern materialism, of our remoteness from the dear old days of romance.

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That was twenty years ago and since then I have wandered far and wide, have seen gardens north, south, east and west, the tropical gardens of the West Indies, the marble gardens of Italy, the curious hanging gardens of the Australian Alps, the many-hued gardens of rural Hungary, and I know not what magnificence of the modern garden at home and abroad; but I have never forgotten my first Paris garden, and I have made and sought opportunities to see through other doorways, behind other prosaic brown-stone fronts. It is well worth the trouble. There is hardly any quarter of Paris where such gardens may not be found, not a few of them well preserved, the favorite resting places of rich proprietors and filled with flowers more beautiful than our California flowers (I hate to acknowledge it, but it is true), others, once the delight of princes, now become the center of squalid tenements, but all alike delightful because of their air of age, of romance, their power of reminding us of the past, of turning for a moment our dream backward toward deeds accomplished and days forgotten instead of forward toward vain ambitions and still vainer hopes.

Paris, March 15, 1912.

## IN THE GARDEN OF THE REDS

By Rob Wagner

You ask me to write about a garden! That, dear sir, is the work of the rhetorical florist, not the painter. My rhetoric comes in tubes, and with oil and turps is writ. And e'en in this medium I have not the effrontery to expose to public view the modesty of the violet. Only the shameless poet would attempt it. And when he has painted his picture, what of it? Does it satisfy? Can you quench the desert derelict's thirst with the symbol  $H_2O$ ? I wot not.

Besides, though I have worked and loved in many gardens yet do I know scarcely the name of a single flower. I feel toward them very much as did Walt Whitman toward the stars. After passing hours with T-square and compass, amid logarithms and latus rectii; hearing the professor of astronomy lecture in headachy figures and absurd hypotheses, he would rush out of the room "into the mystical night air, and from time to time, look up in silent admiration of the stars."

When I go into the Garden of Roses with my book of verses, Cucomonga, and a tall blonde Thou, I do not care to hear about them and about. I want to gaze in silent admiration. To break the spell of

your contemplation by calling the dainty daffodil a Hecaton Boxomines (as would a California Thou) I consider an utter profanation of the time and place, and the flower.

No doubt, these reflections will be full of altisonant apostrophes to the gardens of Garyanza. The minor poets must have their fling and sing, or they will burst of their bird-seed diets. The gardens need the rains more than their refrains—but let 'em rave, and see if I care! Stephen Crane, himself a poet, had this to say:

Three little birds in a row sat musing.  
A man passed near that place.  
Then did the little birds nudge each other.  
They said, "He thinks he can sing."  
With quaint countenances they regarded him.  
They were very curious, those three little birds in a row.

I refuse to give the birds a chance to laugh. But if I cannot carol gladsomely about the common, or garden, garden I will tackle floral allegory with any of them, give or take three pounds, ringside weight. Lest you think I boast idly listen to this:

God, resting, sat long and thoughtfully.  
At last He spake thus:  
I will make unto myself a garden.  
Into it I will place sunshine and shadow, weeds and flowers.  
Two gardeners will I make in Mine own image.  
Into them will I put both Good and Evil, in equal parts.  
Thus with everything in perfect balance I will watch the gardeners work out their destinies.  
The experiment will be interesting.

Thus it began, many years ago. Good and Evil met in equal combat and jostled for supremacy. But, from the first, Evil had the better of it. The pristine gardeners were fruit thieves and their son was a fratricide. The descendants of this original stock were not much better, so God, discouraged, decided to drown all but one family and begin over again. Therefore, a deluge came over the earth and the gardeners, except one boatload, were not. The second trial was more hopeful. The forty inches of rain helped the garden and properly chastened the gardeners by putting into their hearts an aqueous fear of God. And it came to pass that as the gardeners multiplied some went into distant lands to seek out fertile spots. Along the Euphrates and the Nile the gardens prospered much, but those tended by the Greeks and Romans on Adriatic shores brought forth the fairest flowers since time began.

These virtuous toilers, proud of their work, set out to cultivate the hitherlands and bring to them the perfume of their accomplishments. But their husbandry did not thrive so well in alien parts. The transplanted flowers withered in the strange environment and seeds oft found sterility in soil that looked productive. Thus, while the old garden went to seed, the new garden prospered not.

\* \* \*

Through these dark ages was God much perturbed. Then happened an event of seeming inconsequence, but which was destined to save the flowers in their battle with the weeds. A German discovered printing. And then treatises on gardening, and seed catalogues were uttered from all the learned monasteries. Through the printed page the culture of perennials was made known to the world in all its divers tongues. Instantly the garden took on new splendor.

Four glorious centuries of the new extensive cultivation covered the earth with floral treasures. And with the view of new and wonderful tools that lightened the labors of the workers a time was proclaimed when the weeds would be conquered and there would be flowers in abundance for every son of man.

God smiled to see the approaching fulfillment of His hope.

But lack-a-day, there were gardeners made drunken at nature's cup of plenty. From the best trees they would steal the fruits of the others' toil. Thus they grew strong and arrogant. Seeing that the land was not all equal in fertility, by possessing the richest soil they could obtain abundance. Bought they the brains of men who invented implements that could do the work of armies. And when they owned the soil and the implements they payed the laborers whatsoe'er they wished.

And there grew two great classes—of those who Had and those who Had Not. And those who Had Not must needs work for those who Had, or starve, for they possessed neither the land nor yet the tools of their trade. It is true that under this system grew many splendid flowers, but at a ruinous expense to the remainder of the garden; for inadequate tools in sterile soil bring forth only scrubs and weeds.

This was especially true in the western world, where there were grown tremendous things of rare beauty, but of no such fragrance as the flowers from which they sprang. One of the standard variety, whose roots struck deep into the bowels of the earth, gave off a most unpleasant odor of oil; another smelled of nicotine; one of the most staple

of these rare growths gave forth a stockyard fragrance of new-mown cutaway. But perhaps the least fragrant of all these superlative plants was one whose roots grew in the sheep pastures, but whose heart was close to Providence (R. I.) It got its noxious odor from Schedulekay, an "indefensible" drug, with which they hyperdermically dosed the plant to make it grow.

These wonderful cultures were classed under the generic name of *Fortuna Giganticus*, but were popularly (or unpopularly) known as American Beauties. The horticultural science that could produce such astonishing results is worthy of study. First the garden is surveyed to locate the hardiest plants. These are transplanted, if necessary, to more fertile soil; then the smaller or less successful ones are destroyed by several clever methods. When all the selected plants are isolated in their places the stock is bounteously watered and fertilized by a secret process. It is at this point that the fine art of grafting is introduced. These grafts are what bring the plant into such bad odor. They are called schedules and are obtained at a big white conservatory in Washington where the head gardeners meet their hired men. As the plants increase in size the branches are cut away and the grafting is increased and all new sprouts are nipped in the bud so that finally the whole strength goes into the production of one magnificent flower.

This system of horticulture is delightfully auspicious for the Head Gardeners, but it is a little rough on the Men with Hoes, for they must be content with shrubs or browse among the weeds. Even the gardeners employed to cultivate the American Beauties are now allowed to participate in the harvest, but are supposed to be content in the thought that they have contributed to a result so splendidly successful.

When these foolish workers realized that implements without labor are useless; that soil uncultivated would return to weeds; in fact, their labor had produced all the fruit, they thought modestly that they were entitled to the products of their toil. They looked upon the American Beauty as the result of their endeavors, scientifically developed and managed. As proud, however, as they were of its size there were many who regretted its lack of perfume and would have preferred it a little smaller and more fragrant. Their tastes ran not to floral cabbages. Yet they appreciated its splendid form and loved its color. Many of them had a distinguished passion for Red. In the gardens of the world were toilers of every race and shade; but red blood was common to them all, and for that reason they had adopted this color as a symbol of their brotherhood.

\* \* \*

And so it came to pass that there grew up much restless discontent among the Men with Hoes. Speeches, agitation, lawsuits and elections, one after another, brought no relief; for the Big Gardeners had employed their same talents and their great wealth in buying agitation, legislation, and judicial interpretation to laws that were for standing pat.

When the most restless gardeners realized that they were up against a system so well entrenched they became hopeless and desperate, and in their hopelessness they advocated violence in order to recover the gardens they had tilled. There were, however, others who believed the plan to be a futile one and who urged the workers to abandon their aimless dynamitings and gain control of the government as a fundamental premise. This was the plan of the Red Gardeners, whom many thought were dreaming altruists. But when it was found that they had an intelligent plan based upon scientific principles their theories soon found receptive ears, even among those who did not claim allegiance to their flag. Their principles were seized upon by progressive men and in a few years some of the greatest tools of democracy were forged.

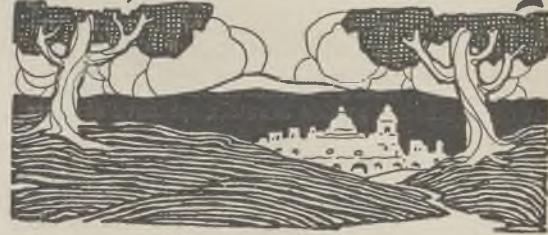
When they finally got possession of the garden they administered it so that all the workers shared in the flowers—each according to the contribution of his labor and ability.

If the Violents had accomplished their plans, the most potent fruits that civilized gardening has yet produced would have been destroyed just when they were ripe for picking. But under the scientific culture of the Red Gardeners the whole world blossomed forth as it never did before, and the gardeners gathered their flowers without paying tribute to a parasite. And, curious as it may seem, the American Beauties grew to even greater magnificence, but instead of the poisonous odor of hate under which they had originally been forced they perfumed the entire country with the glorious fragrance of common ownership and Universal Brotherhood.

\* \* \*

There, Mr. Editor, as a plutocratic Head Gardener, you are not supposed to know what this all means, but you see we are bound to slip one over on you even though we have to do it in an allegorical capsule.

## By the Way



Santa Barbara Was Apathetic

Elmer Grey, the well-known architect, has been commissioned by Scribner's magazine to contribute an article to the May number, on the beauties of Pacific Coast cities. In the pursuit of color he made a journey north as far as Seattle where he was received with much enthusiasm, the leading spirits of the Washington metropolis vying to show the Scribner representative attention. At Portland he was also cordially received and even San Francisco took pains to show him about. But Santa Barbara was apathetic. Nobody cared, nobody paid any attention to his modest request for chaperonage. By the way Elmer is about to occupy his beautiful new home at Oak Knoll, a charmingly situated neo-Italian residence that commands an ideal view of live oaks from the front porch.

### Robert W. Poindexter's Adventure

I hear that it was the elder Robert W. Poindexter, not the young one, as believed, who incurred the displeasure of the German authorities at Spandau, recently, by straying into the forbidden precincts of the famous war treasure tower, not dreaming he was subject to arrest for satisfying his curiosity. How heavily he was fined or what were the penalties of his imprudence he has not divulged. Only by a most casual reference to the arrest of the well-known Los Angeles capitalist did his family reveal the fact in a private letter to friends here. It is suspected that the explorer of Spandau is saving his experiences for an evening with the Sunset Club, following his return in the fall.

### Harry Chase is Silent

Harry B. Chase of Riverside, who has been abroad for several months, exploring the ~~Continent~~, particularly Spain, has returned full of information, yet when I asked him to unload he sidestepped by quoting Carolyn Wells to this effect:

I have seen Paris, I have been to London:  
Yet no one listens when I tell about them.  
All, all are bores, the old familiar places.  
I've been to Florence, I have been to Venice;  
None pays attention while I cite their glories;  
None wants to hear of Renaissance art treasures.  
I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate he leaves me most abruptly  
When I begin to tell of English week-ends.  
Tourist-like paced I all the haunts of greatness,  
Europe's a map I studiously traversed.  
None cares for Keats' house, none cares where  
Carlyle lived.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert thou not my bond slave and my vassal,  
So I might talk to thee of these fair places.  
Some made excuses, some stealthily left me.  
Some took French leave—but all are now departed.  
Alone, I muse on those fair foreign places.

### Not the Lee Gates' Holdings

Writing of hotels reminds me that the vicinity of Sixth and Figueroa is fast taking on a metropolitan air. In that connection the fact that the new Hotel Gates adjoins the Hotel Lee has caused an inquiry as to whether the two properties are not owned by Lee C. Gates. I am in a position to state that neither property belongs to the well-known politician and lawyer, who, while he is fairly well fixed in material goods and chattels is not in the millionaire class, at least not yet.

### Federal Patronage Ahead

Senator John D. Works will begin harvesting the Federal patronage crop before the end of the year, and those directly affected are already on the anxious seat. The list includes the United States marshalship, the district attorneyship for Southern California, the collectorship of customs, and the collectorship of internal revenue. The postmastership of Los Angeles probably will be conceded to Congressman W. D. Stephens, who will doubtless recommend the incumbent. As a matter of fact, Postmaster Harrison may not seek a reappointment, although an enthusiastic effort will be made by the business community regardless of party, to have him stay. As the postmaster and Congressman Stephens have been intimates for years, it will not be much of an effort for the latter to throw the weight of his influence in Mr. Harrison's direction. So far as the

other federal places in local jurisdiction are commanding the incumbent. As a matter of fact, Posterned, it will not be an easy matter for Senator Works to have his way, in the event of the re-election of President Taft, who probably will consult others than those now controlling the party machinery. In the event of the election of a Democrat as head of the nation, the national committeeman from the party will be the pieman, instead of the congressional delegation.

#### Bradner W. Lee's Good Work

When the late E. J. Baldwin departed this life he left an estate so heavily burdened that it was feared the load could never be lifted. I have learned that not only has the entire mortgage been cancelled, but that the estate has nearly tripled in value. Its estimated worth is close to \$30,000,000, to be divided among two heirs as soon as the Turnbull contest is decided, which should be within a twelvemonth. At the time of Baldwin's death a San Francisco bank had a mortgage on Santa Anita of about \$1,500,000, with interest of about \$8,000 a month, and containing a clause providing that if the interest was not paid in advance, the bank had the right to take over the security without notice. Bradner W. Lee and his associates are deserving of congratulations for the remarkable manner in which they have been discharging an important trust.

#### Col. Bird's Activities

Los Angeles is doing her share toward the attempt to defeat the Underwood bill which is likely to cripple the beet sugar industry. A. C. Bird, former traffic manager of the Gould lines, has gone to Washington to aid in the fight. Col. Bird has been a resident of Southern California for about seven years, having been retired on a substantial pension. He is farming near Compton on a large scale, and has become an ardent booster. When the Western Pacific finally comes to Southern California this section will owe not a little to the energy of Col. Bird, who has been working to that end ever since he cast his lot with us.

#### "Tossie" Strikes a Snag

Foster C. Wright, who appears to be heading the Eagle Rock and Glassell Park attempt to force the Los Angeles Railway Company to concede a five-cent fare, was private secretary to M. P. Snyder when the latter was mayor of Los Angeles. It is understood he financed the petition for annexation in the last special election, but his recent agitation is apparently not meeting with much success. Tossie may have had his trouble for his pains.

#### Two Successful Oil Men

From San Francisco it is reported that Walter Chanslor has disposed of his holdings in the Associated Oil Company, having sold out in the open market—it is said for \$5,000,000, most of which sprang from nearly nothing. Chanslor is not to return here, as has been reported, but will become a permanent resident of San Francisco. His rise has been one of the wonder stories of California. Fifteen years ago Chanslor was a clerk in his father's grocery store. Then he went into partnership with C. A. Canfield, and to-day each is a millionaire many times, their success having been pronounced from the start. When the Mexican Petroleum Company distributes its first quarterly dividend May 1, Canfield will get close to \$40,000 as his share, proving that his ownership in that property alone has a market value of not less than \$4,000,000.

#### "Prexy" Eliot Coming

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is likely to be in Los Angeles in about six weeks. He is in Hong Kong at present, and will leave that port at an early day for San Francisco. From the latter city he will go to Boston, by way of Southern California, completing a tour around the world. When here, Dr. Eliot will doubtless be entertained by the University Club.

#### Activity Along Pacific Electric

Los Angeles and Pasadena are to have additional electric railway connection, with Glendale included in the latest scheme. Upon excellent authority it is stated that the Salt Lake has turned over its Glendale feeder to the Pacific Electric, as the nucleus for what is intended to be the most picturesque scenic trolleyway in the United States, if not in the world. The Salt Lake's branch to Pasadena will also be transferred. M. V. Hartranft and his associates in the Glendale and Eagle Rock system—now a part of the Western Empire Verdugo holdings—are securing for the electric road certain bonuses intended to assist in harnessing up the La Canada and La Crescenta sections with the Pacific Electric main lines. In addition, the county is now completing its boulevard from Altadena to the sea, bringing to the front a section that to this time has not been exploited, and which is among the most picturesque

in the world. As a consequence there is considerable activity in realty circles out that way, with Frank P. Flint, Henry E. Huntington and others in line for benefits. The new line is aimed to relieve the congestion on Main street.

#### California Women on Ticket

Florence C. Porter and Meyer Lissner are to represent Southern California as delegates at large in the event of the Roosevelt ticket being chosen in the May presidential primary. Marshall Stimson and Lee C. Gates are on the Roosevelt ticket for district delegates. Mrs. C. B. Blaney of Santa Clara is also a candidate. In case the Taft slate goes through there will be California women in the Chicago convention. A similar condition prevails in the democratic camp.

#### Mace Greenleaf is Mourned

Scores of personal friends learned with deep regret of the death of Mace Greenleaf, who in the time he was a resident here won the regard of many people. The actor was a favorite, especially among the men, and when he married and decided to remain in Los Angeles he was warmly welcomed. His jovial good nature and other excellent qualities were highly appreciated. He was expected here the coming week in order to defend a divorce proceeding. Greenleaf was his worst enemy and might have proved a great actor in heroic roles but for his unfortunate weakness for alcohol.

#### Fenner Webb a Good Choice

As was expected, the new head of the Earl morning newspaper is Fenner H. Webb, former managing editor of the Herald, who went over to the Express about three months ago. Webb should prove the right man for the place. He knows thoroughly the mechanics of newspapering, as his work on the Earl evening paper proves. I am told that L. A. Hoskins, at present night editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, is to become managing editor of the Tribune. He and Webb have traveled tandem for several years. Hoskins is said to be one of the best men in his particular line in the city. It is rumored that in addition to his editorial supervision, Mr. Webb is to act in the capacity of Tribune publisher

#### Silver Lining for Stilson

Fielding J. Stilson's temporary embarrassment created no little surprise in financial circles, where it is declared by those conversant with the facts, that he would have weathered the storm with ease had not the alleged facts been printed with embellishment and gross exaggeration. A stock exchange committee investigating the case is convinced that Stilson will be on his feet again in a comparatively short time. Fielding's many friends sincerely hope this is true.

#### Popular Pioneer Passes

Charles H. Dunsmoor, who died last week, was one of the best known pioneer residents of this city. He had been county clerk, and for a time was state bank commissioner. He was a charter member of Al Malaikah Temple, and a Knight Templar.

#### For "Back Home" Visits

Los Angeles is organizing an unusual excursion, which probably will have prompt imitations. There has been organized in this city a Cincinnati Club, all of whose members are former residents of that place. The object is to engage a special train for a visit "back home" in July. An elaborate reception will be held for the wanderer, and other welcoming fetes are anticipated. More definite plans are to be announced at an early date.

#### More Transcontinentals Coming

James J. Hill is heading for Southern California, as also is the Western Pacific. It is thought that the former will be operating here by 1915, while the Western Pacific probably will be about twelve months ahead of that time. It is believed that the latter system will come from San Francisco by way of the San Joaquin valley, where there is business already. The Hill road is likely to use the coast for its right of way. When these two systems arrive, there will have to be a union passenger station arrangement, Presidents Lovett and Ripley notwithstanding.

#### Favorable for Wilson

From the firing line comes the report that Governor Woodrow Wilson is almost certain to secure a delegation from California to the Democratic national convention. While the former party machine will assist to the extent of its power the presidential aspirations of Congressman Champ Clark, it is not believed that his total vote in California will be particularly impressive. In the northern section of the state it is being urged against Clark that he was for New Orleans and not for San Francisco,

when it came to a choice for the Panama exposition, and in the south it is argued that the speaker is too much of a free trader for the good of this section. While Dr. Wilson has little or no important newspaper support, the betting is two to one that so far as California is concerned, his battle is already won. At least one big mass meeting will be held in Los Angeles in Governor's Wilson's interests before the May primaries, at which James D. Phelan of San Francisco will preside. United States Senator Gore of Oklahoma was expected for this occasion, but he has written that his duties in Washington will not permit.

#### More Good Money Coming

E. P. Clark, General M. H. Sherman and their associates having recently disposed of their electric railway holdings in the northwest, another large sum of money is to come here for investment from Portland. This particular deal has been pending for nearly two years, having been financed by the same interests that took over the Los Angeles Pacific railroad. It is understood that the Union Pacific is to be the beneficiary of the sale that has been consummated.

#### Santa Fe is Satisfied

Santa Fe executives are wearing broad smiles, due to the remarkable success of the company's new San Francisco passenger service. So great has been the demand for space on the system's single train on this line that a second is about to be placed in operation. The time card is about the swiftest on the Pacific Coast, the average speed being forty miles an hour. Only first class Pullman equipment is used, although the train does not profess to be a limited affair in any sense.

#### How Scott was Dragooned

Apparently Joseph Ford, assistant prosecuting attorney, was responsible for Joseph Scott's being dragooned into the McNamara defense, as it were. It will be recalled that when the former went to Indianapolis to assist in extraditing the two McNamaras, he was arrested on a charge of kidnaping. While he was in trouble, Scott wired to influential friends asking that they interest themselves in Ford, because of fraternal association between the two. It developed later that one of the McNamaras was a member of the same fraternal society, and when he was brought here it was natural enough that he should send for Scott, who had been highly recommended to him before he left Indiana. It is reported that Joseph Scott was promised a fee of \$25,000 for his McNamara services, of which amount he was actually paid about \$14,000. The remainder evidently is to be owing a long time.

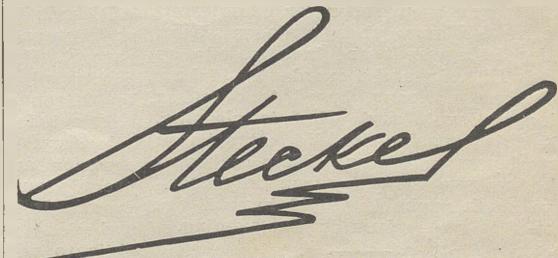
#### Chain Gang May Go

Los Angeles is to lose a curious institution, one that has given the city no little undesirable advertising. Chief of Police Sebastian has in mind the abolishment of the chain gang. It has always been a source of wonder among scores of visitors from other places that a city such as this, one of the most enlightened in the world, should ball and chain petty offenders, and send them forth to labor in the public streets. In this age of prison parole and the honor system, we have continued to shackle drunks and others who are sent up for a brief period, to the disgust of tourists and often to the permanent degradation of the victim. The present head of the police department has instituted more than one innovation since he has been at the head of police affairs, and if he succeeds in eliminating the chain gang he will have rendered the community a great service.

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# Music



By W. F. Gates

Last Monday night the Los Angeles Choral Society and the Pasadena Oratorio Society united in a performance of Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment." This rarely performed oratorio was first sung in 1826. It is rather somber and mystical in character, the words taken from that part of the Apocalypse which describes the signs and portents to come as precursors of the last day. In spite of the fact that Spohr's work is little sung, it deserves to be ranked at least with that of Schumann, in regard to oratorio writing. Spohr was a master of choral writing, most skillful in chromatic modulations. And yet, because of the chromatically mad writers that have succeeded him, Spohr's work does not sound so intense and harmonically alarming as it did to the ears of his day. There is extremely little of aria writing in the work, the soloists being generally heard in melodic recitative. This work was sung by the combined societies with effectiveness as to its choral sections. While the need of more capable soloists was evident, it was a pleasure to hear the work given at all, because of its historic value. The societies bravely attacked a task which would bring only the plaudits of musicians rather than the general public. The pro-cathedral was filled with an attentive audience. The personnel of the performance included Ernest Douglas, conductor; Percy Hallatt, organist; Ethel L. Boothe, soprano; Clara La Fete, contralto; Norman McPhail, tenor; F. B. Cole, baritone. The performance was given under the auspices of the local chapter of the Guild of Organists, of which Mr. Douglas is dean and Rev. Chas. T. Murphy is chaplain. This organization has a serious purpose and is commendably active in its presentation of a high class of music, especially that of religious character, which certainly must have its effect on local church music conditions.

Tuesday afternoon, the Woman's Orchestra presented a strong program at Blanchard Hall, with Frances Jude, violinist, as soloist. The numbers included Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance," Haydn's Third Symphony, a fantasy on themes from "Mme. Butterfly," and a Spanish suite by Tavan-Marchetti. The orchestra was at its best in the Haydn symphony and in the suite, the intricacies of the Puccini spasmodic episodes being somewhat beyond it. The young women, about forty-five of them, played with commendable zeal and generally with excellent effect, which would have been improved had more of the hall been occupied. That manager in England who was in search of a woman orchestra might do well to hear the Los Angeles organization, which has been under Mr. Hamilton's baton for more than a dozen years. Miss Jude was heard in a melody by Tschaikowsky and a czardas by Hubay. She has a strong, broad tone and a singing legato style that is pleasing. On this occasion she did not attempt any bravura numbers. This orchestra should have a much stronger patronage, as it probably would have if the concerts were given in the evening.

Recently, we had Charles Wakefield Cadman "in our midst." I know it because I saw him, once, without opera glasses. He was at my table at the Gamut Club. Now, Charles is an awake chap and anything but a cad. He is a good composer and a "good fellow."

So when he had thoroughly discovered Los Angeles he wrote his impressions for the Musician—doubtless feeling the same impulse that many an Englishman has when he first discovers America. Mr. Cadman is a kindly critic and more of a "booster" than "knocker." In other words, he has certain qualifications which would fit him for residence in Los Angeles. The three columns which he devotes to musical matters in this city are full of good intent, if not always complete and accurate. I am going to quote a few sentences without much comment and it would be a pious idea for local musicians to look up the article and read it entire:

"The musical fraternity here never has known the word jealousy." There, Charles, wast thou led slightly astray. "All, never for an instant lost sight of those large enterprises which need their aid." I wonder if Mr. Cadman ever heard of the fatal and futile efforts to secure the temporary co-operation of certain choruses in a May Festival and of other and many attempts to maintain a good mixed chorus? Mr. Cadman sees little but musical good in Los Angeles, save the matter of musical criticism, which he, mildly, says "is rather irregular." Certain of its "irregularities" are mentioned in the last and the present issues of The Graphic. Mr. Cadman says "The papers do not have salaried critics"—another eclipse for Brother Colby, probably salaried and certainly a musician.

Many kindly things are said of teachers, conductors and choruses. The Gamut Club receives high mention and a pretty picture of the Mary Garden dinner is given. Concerning the symphony orchestra, the writer says, "Under Mr. Hamilton it has risen to be the leading orchestra (barring the Seattle orchestra) on the Pacific coast." Why that exception? I wonder if Mr. Cadman has heard the Seattle orchestra? The Lyric Club is ranked ahead of the Ellis—now put that in your pipes, you Ellis pipe-puffers. He says the Lyric "is the finest of its kind in the United States." Concerning Director Poulin: "This French-American is one of the towering musical figures on the Coast" and "he is exceedingly modest and retiring." Will someone please bring Mr. Poulin to the footlights? Many musicians are mentioned in a complimentary manner,—that a dozen masquerade under misspellings matters less than that certain of them have not yet found the limelight of any Los Angeles publicity, so that their names, even, are not known to me. But Mr. Cadman has shown, in this article, his broad and kindly spirit, and through him thousands have read of musical life in Los Angeles.

Ricardo Lucchesi, the vocal teacher and composer, is preparing to give a concert, Friday evening, April 19, at Blanchard Hall. He will be assisted by fifteen musicians. The program will include classic, liturgical, romantic selections. He will present on this occasion an "Ave Maria" on a Bach prelude, sung by Ailene Cawthorn, soprano. It has a violin obligato, organ and piano accompaniment. The violin obligato will be played by Mrs. Della E. S. Smock, who for several years was soloist with Phinney's band, Cincinnati, the Imperial Quartet of Chicago, and Sousa's band. Mr. Lucchesi's "Francesca da Rimini," a scene for soprano and orchestra, which brought him the honor of election to



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the Manuscript Society of New York, will be heard for the first time in Los Angeles. It will be sung by Mary Campbell, a young woman possessing a beautiful voice.

Says Musical America concerning a prominent young pianist hailing from Los Angeles: "Gertrude Cohen, who will be heard for the first time in a piano recital in New York next week, is a protege of Paderewski, and it was through him that she finished her studies with Leschetizky in Vienna. Miss Cohen has the distinction of being one of the few pianists to whom the great teacher devoted his time in the summer, so that her studies would not be interrupted.

What's the use of going to the trouble to give recitals when you can get flattering newspaper recitals without them. The other day, the Tribune presented Anthony Carlson with several inches of encomium on his singing at a recital purported to have been given by him the night before. But Mr. Carlson did not give a recital, or sing in one.

In its notice of Paloma Schramm's recital, the Tribune referred to her playing of Schumann's "Bird of Profit." It is pleasing to know that Miss Schramm has succeeded in getting this rare creature to roost at her recital, for many a Los Angeles musician has tried to persuade it hitherward, but without success. However, no one who heard Miss Schramm's playing with understanding ears and witnessed her stage presence with appreciative eyes could blame the rara avis for making an exception in her favor.

Scene, Harold Bauer's parlor at the Alexandria. A voice over the telephone, "Is this Mr. Bauer, Yes? I am Mr. Scribe, of the Evening Trumpet

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I must see you at once. What? Very Busy? But, Mr. Bauer, I must see you. This is very important. In a half-hour? All right. Do not fail me as the matter is one of exceeding importance. Good bye."

Half an hour later. Same place. A knock at the door. Enter, young man. "Mr. Bauer, I am Mr. Scribe of the Evening Trumpet. I telephoned you half an hour ago for an interview. Now, Mr. Bauer, the readers of the Trumpet are very anxious to know what you think of Los Angeles. Of course, coming from the east you will be surprised to see such a large and flourishing city on the Pacific coast. Been here before? You have? O, well, then you can tell them what you think of the growth of Los Angeles since you last were here. And how do you like our climate? Do you appreciate the scenery? You know a good many people from the east think it is lovely. Ah, you say you have travelled a good deal? Really—wait till I take that down. And—er—by the way, Mr. Bauer, what line of business did you say you were in?"

N. B. Mr. Bauer recovered sufficiently to give his announced recital that evening.



# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.  
John Donovan—Steckel Gallery.  
Ernest B. Smith—Blanchard Gallery.  
Eugene Frank—Daniell Gallery.

## Individuality in Gardens

Like our art, our literature, and our architecture, our American gardens are translations of all the perfect styles and forms that the civilizations of all ages have produced, yet in adapting them to conditions of American climate and horticulture we have stamped upon them a certain marked individuality that is truly native. Half of the bad taste displayed in American homes and gardens to-day is the direct result of misconception, wrong ideas of art, and the inability to think clearly.

How charming are those homes whose owners are persons of taste and who realize the benefit to be derived by amateur gardening! The individuality of house gardens is an all-absorbing study and can be indulged in by all at every turn of a city street or country lane. If the narrow lot affords scarce room for the house, it requires special thought to plan a city garden. I recently observed an approach to a house court in an apartment dwelling in Los Angeles which was notable for its simple construction and the touch of nature that it contributed to the canyon-like walls of brick and stone which towered about it on every side. The terraces and retaining walls were of burnt oxblood brick, capped with sandstone and the riot of lovely color that surmounted them was produced by the blossoms of old-fashioned Sweet Williams, variegated phlox, and daisies.

The roof garden has long been a feature of gay resorts and crowded up-town districts. Many of these are vastly ornate and verge strongly upon the bizarre, but they are, perhaps, preferable to the sickly-sweet atmosphere of the conservatory or the basement grottos of the fashionable hotels in New York, London, and Paris. The winter garden, which, of course, must be an artificial replica, has become popular in eastern America among the rich within the last few years. These luxurious hot house arrangements spring from the inborn love of growing plant life and are but the indulgence in the extreme of proper pleasure.

The tiny flower pot beyond a box hedge in the city street is an index to the social strata of the community. A well-kept grass plot with trim borders, an ornamental tree, a flowering shrub at the front of a house, with a fernery beneath a bay window and tasteful trellises for climbing roses or vining plants proclaim to the world the degree of culture and refinement to which the owner has attained.

How delightful to observe in the mall of city life a back yard devoted to flowers and vegetables, all in perfect health and in harmony with the surroundings! How unpleasant to find a modest house set in the midst of elaborate garden plans! Yet far too often is this thing done, especially in California, where a fine garden is far less expensive to acquire than is a fine home. Perfect unity in house and garden accessories are to be desired. Over-indulgence in either is vulgar. Frequently, we note a massive, pillared entrance to a diminutive structure and the acme of bad taste lies in constructing a heavy stone gateway with lawn rails and corner posts of masonry around a city lot which holds a small or even out-of-date frame dwelling.

Yet how often in a growing city do we see perpetrated this and similar crimes against good taste and good art.

The garden should express the time and the place which called it into being. So out of keeping with American life would be the French gardens with which Watteau dealt in his fantastic renderings. The famous gardens of the old world are as much a part of the development of its people as are the monuments of art and architecture in its capital cities. The chateau gardens of France, riotous, sunny, and romantic, the poetic, dim-aisled, ilex-walled terraces of the villas of Italy, on to the flashing splendor of the Spanish patio, the dull greens and rich harmonies of the German parks, and the formal lawns of the English manor houses, all represent the people who have lived and loved and had their beings within their spacious boundaries. Fancy the Riviera without its miles of terraced, splendid, age-old gardens, or India minus its walled and latticed retreats from sun and sound. Who should care to lease a villa or a chateau that had been denuded of its storied gardens? Can any one of my readers think of the stately homes of the New England colonial period forming a mantel picture of their precise gardens that were so much a part of the life of the age? The southern garden—dearest delight of all—ever holds the aroma of story book romance and expresses the marked individuality of its owner in a manner at once definite and subtle.

Who has not felt the spell of the California garden? All who know the Southland, I am sure. The varieties of our native gardens are as varied as the moods of nature. It would seem that here is the spot where the best the world has to offer has been adapted to conditions of beauty. Thus could I sing the praises of gardens as a song at morning, at noon, and in the night time. Not one garden more than another garden, but all gardens alike.

\* \* \*

If it were necessary for me to choose a title for this little garden essay with which to open the art column in the Garden Number of The Graphic, I think I would call it "The Garden of Art," or, better yet, "Art and the Garden: Their Relation;" however, I am not attempting to label my contribution and will allow each one to take from or add to it all that his fancy dictates. The first intimate relation of God to man was established by the gift of a garden in which were placed in wonderful order the necessities of earthly existence. Scientists, artists, poets, musicians, and novelists have never tired of their speculations upon this theme of Eden. The world is indebted to this fabled garden spot for much that is original and beautiful in the realm of creative art. Whether this first garden was located on Mars, in Africa, or in California, as has recently been suggested by scientists, is a matter of trivial account. The prime factor remains that in all ages and in every land that has produced a race and a literature, the garden practical and esthetic has entered into almost every phase of human activity from the prosaic raising of domestic supplies to the superlative genius of a Corot and a Richard Wagner.

It would be idle effort to attempt to enumerate the values of gardens to the mental and material output of our world's greatness. To recount the romances of historic and poetic pictorial fame which have begun and ended in a

garden were but statistical review. To multiply the compositions of music or the masterpieces of art and song that have taken a garden as their motif would fag the reader to weariness. A list of the great souls of earth who have fed their tired minds and nerves back to normal activity upon the restful quietude of a secluded garden would add more words to my essay than space affords. The unhappy city dweller who knows not the joy of tangled woodlands deep with ferns and nettled with feathered clematis, full of calm mystery and lulled by the lute of the wind upon the silver and gold leaf notes, is scarcely able to realize the true functions of a garden.

The artist is quick to see and diligent to portray on canvas the beauties of the garden. Scarcely an exhibition is presented to public inspection that does not contain one or more well painted garden compositions. The gardens of Los Angeles have inspired many of our strong local painters to poetic renditions in art. Joseph Greenbaum has painted several fine studies of the gardens owned by Capt. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning. Jean Mannheim has painted many strong studies of John W. Mitchell's extensive gardens, and no fewer than five California painters of note make a specialty of garden pictures. Thus does art owe much to the garden beautiful, and the artist, poet, musician, and nature lover are alike loud in its praises.

\* \* \*

The first annual sketch exhibition by members of the California Art Club closes to-day with an auction after ten days' successful run at the Blanchard Gallery. Many of us understood that this was to be a "sketch" show, pure and simple. Now, after studying diligently the fifty-five canvases which are presented, we are prone to ask, "What is a sketch?" I had always supposed that a sketch was an artist's short-hand notes registering vitally and graphically a sudden inspiration, an impression of natural beauty caught on the wing and jotted down on canvas for future reference. A sketch is an intimate relation between the artist and his subject, proving at a glance his ability to see quickly and truly and to command the hand to obey the cunning of the mind. There are three classes of sketches, viz., sketches, studies, pictures, and all are represented in the "sketch exhibition." A canvas that has been carefully composed and worked up in the studio is not a sketch, but in this limited space I cannot split hairs, so will take the varied quality of the work shown for all the good it possesses and briefly mention the exhibits.

Nineteen painters are represented and fifty-five canvases shown. Many are very good and some are very bad. Margaret Taylor shows "The Pink Bow" and "Burnished Gold," two head studies reviewed in these columns several weeks ago. Arion Putnam's works reveal great improvement over past efforts. "Topanga Hills" is one of the best things I have seen from his brush. "Sycamore Shadows" is dry and spotty and lacks consistency in handling. William Wendt is well represented. "Gray Skies," a Cornwall study of rare beauty of line and color, is perhaps the most forceful study shown. I question the values in "Rocks and Pool," but I must remember that I am reviewing "sketches." "Overlooking San Fernando Valley" is subdued in tone and full of fine qualities. Benj. C. Brown's sketches of "Santa Ynez Mountains" and "Entrance to Canyon" are direct and simple and rich in color. "Arroyo, Santa Anita," is one of the very good things in this show and proves Mr. Brown a master technician. Mr. Brown also shows two finely painted watercolors. W. A. Sharp is represented by two tonal studies and a monotype and Aaron Kilpatrick showed "Clouds," "December," and "Signs of Rain." Jack W. Smith's "Rainy Day" is uncertain in drawing.

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"Shadows" and "Quiet Afternoon" show him to better advantage. "Fishermen's Homes" by Franz Bischoff is broadly treated and in fine in color. "Vacant House" and "Rainy Day" complete this artist's group.

Walter Cheever shows "Sketch of Head," a pastel, and a landscape study in oils of uncertain quality. "After the Shower" by Eugene Frank, while far from the "sketch" stage is one of the really fine pictures of the collection. Mr. Frank also shows "Gentle Breeze" and "At Bergheim." Hanson Puthoff's sketches are delightful, "Enchanted Hills," "Hill Pastures," "Graceful Red-Gums," and "Tenacious Oak." The latter named study is of real art value and is wonderful for its charm of golden color. Marco Zim of San Diego shows a tonal study of a girl seated by a barrow of hay. It is poorly composed and badly drawn. "Incoming Tide," also by Mr. Zim, is crude in color, but possesses good qualities. A. Clinton Connor shows "Early Spring," "Old Oak," and "In Arroyo," and Detlef Sammann is represented by "Incoming Fog," "Evening," "After Rain," and "Before the Sun Sets." Chas. A. Rogers shows two San Gabriel studies, Val Costello one crisp sketch, and Maurice Braum of San Diego three palette-knife studies of merit. Helena Dunlap is represented by three sketches of no peculiar charm, and J. H. Sharp sends a "Head of Crow Indian" which is fine in color.

First honors of the exhibition should go to Ralph Fullerton Mocine for his excellent study "Moonrise." It is full of poetic feeling, true in tone and values, subtle in handling, and masterfully treated throughout. A Holland sketch, also by Mr. Mocine, is notable for its rich yet subdued color and refinement of feeling. R. B. Manbert shows eight Manbertypes and Julian Bracken Wendt exhibits a portrait medallion in bas relief of Mode Wineman.

\* \* \*

April 1 John Donovan will open an exhibit of shore and open marine studies in oil at the Steckel Gallery.

Joseph Greenbaum has been invited to submit desert landscape paintings to the Art Institute in Chicago for exhibition purposes.



# Social & Personal

April is to be a month of brides in Los Angeles, and the ranks of the younger set will be depleted by the time May is ushered in. April 4, Miss Ione Bean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bean of Kenwood avenue becomes the bride of Mr. A. J. Kisselburg of Bisbee, Ariz. April 3 Miss Helen Audley Wells is to be married to Mr. Norton Johnson, and will desert Los Angeles for New Zealand. Miss Mary Frances Lindley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Lindley, will become the bride of Mr. Gustav Knecht of San Francisco Tuesday evening, April 9, at the home of the bride's parents in Menlo avenue. Miss Florence Clark will be Miss Lindley's maid of honor, and bridesmaids are to be the Misses Mary Burnham, Clara Vickers, Muriel Stewart, and Inez Clark. Mr. Don Carlton will be best man, and the groomsmen will be Mr. Philo Lindley and Mr. Richard Hermann. April 16 is the date set for two important weddings. Miss Sally Bonner, niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark of West Adams street has chosen it for her marriage to Mr. Harry Borden, son of Mr. Sheldon Borden, and Miss Dorothy Simpson has also set upon it for her wedding to Mr. Rex G. Hardy. It is whispered that Cupid is not alone satisfied with weddings, but will confide several engagement secrets in the spring month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur George Keating, who have been residing with Dr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, have gone north, Mr. Keating having been called away by business.

For the benefit of the Macy street school, of which Miss Nora Sterry is principal, and to which she is devoting her efforts for culture and higher education in the gentle things of life, several prominent women gave a musical program Thursday night; the numbers being as follows: "A Drap o' Dew," (Hadley), Mrs. Ethelda Drake; mandolin solo, "Serenata," (Moszkowski), Mrs. Myrtle Stumpf; "Spring is Coming," (White), Mrs. W. L. Hardison; "Fiddle and I," (Goodeve), Mrs. Drake; Dvorak's "Humoreske," Mrs. Stumpf; "My Laddie" (Thayer), Mrs. W. L. Hardison; Trio, "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing," Mrs. Hardison, Mrs. Drake and Mrs. M. H. Griffith.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh St. leaves Monday for Chicago where she will visit her daughter and son-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Lambert Whitfield. Jordan, U. S. A. Mrs. Jordan formerly was Miss Susan Wilshire Carpenter. From Chicago Mrs. Carpenter will go to New York where she will meet her other daughters, Mrs. Fritz Nave and Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, both of whom are visiting now in Canada. From New York Mrs. Carpenter will sail for Europe, in company with Mr. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who are planning a motor trip for the summer months.

Mrs. Carpenter's departure has been the signal for several farewell affairs. Monday afternoon Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street entertained with a luncheon for her. Decorations were of spring blossoms and ferns, and place cards were tiny rabbits. Covers were laid for twelve. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will leave next week for San Francisco, where they plan to stop for a week or two.

Tuesday afternoon a charming affair for Mrs. Carpenter was presided over by Mrs. C. C. Parker of 811 West Twenty-eighth street. Mrs. Frank Reilly of Buffalo, New York, was also a complimented guest. Luncheon was served at the California club, where covers were laid for sixteen, the table being decked with spring blossoms.

Mrs. Reilly, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cummins Jones of Gramercy place, has been a winter guest here. She plans to leave for her eastern home the coming week.

Chairmen of the committees for the Barlow Sanatarium charity ball gathered at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow on South Figueroa street Tuesday afternoon, and ways and means were profitably discussed. A gratifying report was that one thousand tickets have already been disposed of. Dr. Milbank Johnson is in charge of the ticket selling. Five dollar tickets entitle two to admission to the dancing floor, with \$2.50 for every additional dancer, and spectators may procure balcony seats for one dollar. Fruit blossoms, which have been offered by friends of the cause, have been decided upon for decorations. A stage program of unusual merit will be proffered, many people having offered their services. One feature of the booths will be the fact that no matter how large a bill or coin is offered in payment of a purchase, the exact change will be returned. Each booth-mistress is trying to outdo her competitors in decorations and plans, and the result should be most gratifying. After the business meeting Tuesday Mrs. Barlow served tea in the dining room, which was bright with jonquils. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Robert Wankowski, chairman of the punch and lemonade booth, called a meeting of her assistants at her home in Ellendale place, to discuss their plan of procedure. Mrs. Wankowski's committee consists of Mrs. W. T. Hutchison, Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mrs. F. O. Johnson, Mrs. R. D. Bronson, Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, Mrs. R. H. Edwards, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. F. J. Carlisle, Mrs. A. H. Braly, Mrs. Leo V. Youngworth, Mrs. Herman Henneberger, Mrs. Ben Johnson, Miss Gretchen Day, Miss Viola Hamilton, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, Miss Georgia Off, Miss Juliet Borden, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Marguerite Drake, and Messrs. Arden Day, Paul Bucklin, George Zimmer, Tim Horan, Andrew J. Copp, Jr., and Samuel C. Haver, Jr. Monday morning Mrs. Lee C. Phillips of Berkeley Square had a meeting of her candy-booth assistants. After the meeting luncheon was served to Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mrs. Horatio Cogswell, Mrs. Harry Coffin, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Virginia Nourse, Miss Marie Bobrick, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Florence Moore, Miss Mary Richardson, Miss Marybelle Peyton, Miss Elizabeth Bishop, Miss Georgia Johnson and Miss Gladys Pollard.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy of "Wildwood" have as guests Mrs. Lacy's brother, Mr. Herbert Sullivan and his friend, Mr. Ernest Dresden of London, England. Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and their son, Richard Lacy, Jr., will accompany their guests as far as the Grand Canyon when they conclude their visit here in April.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette of "Sunnycrest," Pasadena, have as guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Major, Mrs. E. C. Bradley, and Dr. and Mrs. James Bradley of Michigan. Mr. Major is the author of that famous best seller, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Mrs. Fred Walton of 755 West Adams street will leave Monday for the east, in company with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter.

Mrs. Hancock Banning of West Adams street entertained Thursday afternoon for the newly organized Dramatic Club. Ways and means were discussed, and Ignaz Haroldi, the vio-

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linist, rendered a musical program. It is planned to have gatherings of the club once a month, and at the next meeting it is probable that a dramatic production will be given. Officers are Mrs. John P. Jones, president, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. E. T. Earl and Mrs. Roy Jones, vice-presidents, Mrs. Grace Porter, secretary, and Mr. M. J. Connell, treasurer. Mrs. Hancock Banning is chairman of the dramatic committee, and with her and her assistants lies the choice of production of plays which will be given. Other members of this committee are Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. Joseph Sartori, Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mrs. L. N. Brunswig and Mrs. George Porter. The purpose of this organization is to elevate the stage and to encourage genius, particularly that of local playwrights. Active members of the club—those who constitute the working force of the club

and have the power to vote—is limited to one hundred; and associate members—those who act as patrons, etc.—will probably number two hundred.

Captain Llewellyn Wigmore, U. S. A., son of Mrs. John Wigmore of Los Angeles, who has been stationed at the Washington barracks, has been appointed military attaché at Tokio. He will visit here in April before sailing to take up his duties, and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Wigmore of Thompson street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles of 43 Westmoreland place entertained Wednesday evening with a bridge party, appointments being in Easter effects, with spring blossoms decking the rooms. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Souden,

Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Neuer, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Heyler, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackins, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Meserve, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Maier, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Toll, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Thresher, and Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Day.

Miss Margaret Gaffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey of San Pedro, has been visiting in Riverside for several weeks. She will return to Los Angeles in time for the Barlow Sanitarium charity ball, at which she will assist.

In honor of Mrs. Ralph M. Burdick, Mrs. Rollin B. Lane will give a musical April 11 at her home on Franklin avenue, Hollywood.

Mrs. Cecil Frankel, formerly Miss Bessie Bartlett, gave the second of a series of Lenten readings at her home in Hollywood Tuesday afternoon. A large number of Los Angeles guests enjoyed her rendition of Van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson will be at home tomorrow night at their studio, when Miss Louise B. Carr will entertain the guests with a talk and views of Italy. Miss Carr and her house guest, Miss Arline Fay of San Diego, will leave for New York soon, and sail for Europe July 3.

Mrs. Frank Pixley has left for San Francisco, from which port she will sail for New York, via Panama. Mrs. Pixley will accompany Admiral and Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, who go to inspect the canal works. Mr. Pixley will remain another month in Pasadena, at work on his latest opera, after which he will join Mrs. Pixley in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Utley, to Mr. Erwin Widney, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney. No date has been set for the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Boswell and their son have started on a year's tour of the world.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchliffe of Crenshaw boulevard has left for the North, where she is planning to pass several weeks. Mrs. H. M. Meier of St. Louis, who has been Mrs. Hinchliffe's guest, has returned to her eastern home, having left Thursday morning.

Mrs. A. B. Cass of Fair Oaks avenue, South Pasadena, Mrs. J. K. Wilson of Venice, and Mrs. C. C. Wright of the Rampart apartments are at Stanford, where they are guests of the Zeta Psi boys—their sons being members of this fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hancock of 626 Vermont avenue are entertaining Mrs. Hancock's sister, Miss Marie Mullen, who has just returned from a European trip.

In honor of Miss Gladys Rouse, who is the house guest of her cousin, Miss Berenice Marcher, Mrs. Bernard Schulman of 235 West Twenty-first street is giving a charming musical this afternoon. The house has been transformed into a bower of blossoms, and the program is one that will afford pleasure to the music lovers. Guests are Miss Lillian Krauss, Miss Ula Hammers, Miss Ida Webber, Miss Beulah Jongquist, Miss Gertrude Sherwood, Miss Blanche Caldwell, Miss Josephine Niel, Miss Martha Levy, Miss Florence Howard, Miss Mabel Post, Miss Cora Boettcher, Mrs. H. Gordon Bayless, Mrs. V. Pomeroy, Mrs. S. C. Marcher, Mrs. H. C. Henrich, Mrs. M. S. Henrich, Mrs. Allington Hemming, Mrs. Fred Alles, Mrs. C. A. Alexander, Mrs. Albert Winters, Mrs. H. Saries, Mrs. I. H. Schulman and Mrs. Neil.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ridgeway have returned to their Menlo avenue home after a trip to the Yosemite. Mrs. Ridgeway entertained Friday afternoon

with a luncheon and bridge party for Miss Mary Lindley, who is soon to become the bride of Mr. Gustav Knecht. Decorations were in spring blossoms, and unmarried friends of the bride were guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy of West Adams street are planning to leave next month for a European trip. They will probably motor through England, France, Germany and Italy. Their little daughter, Miss Sue Sinnet Murphy, will accompany them.

One of the most important events the coming week will be the marriage of Miss Helen Audley Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Wells of Ellendale place, to Mr. Norton Johnson. The ceremony will take place at the West Adams Presbyterian church, with the bride's sister, Miss Louise Wells as maid of honor, and bridesmaids will be Miss Aileen Staub, Miss Audley Wells of San Francisco, Miss Helen Newlin, Miss Inez Clark, Miss Clara Vickers, and Miss Katherine Bashford. Mr. Frank Pooler of Albuquerque will serve Mr. Johnson as best man, and the Reverend Herbert H. Fisher will officiate. After an eastern wedding trip, Mr. Johnson will take his bride to New Zealand, where his business interests are centered.

Miss Margaret Bennett of Maryland, who has been the winter guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ara J. Lamme of West Adams street, has returned to her Southern home.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen M. Culver of 2801 Menlo avenue have as house guest Mrs. Madalon Leffingwell of London, England.

General McGregor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McGregor of San Francisco are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. R. W. Johnson and Major Johnson, U. S. A., retired.

Although no positive date has been set, it is probable that Miss Hazel Monson of San Francisco will become the bride of Mr. Volney Howard in June. Miss Monson is one of the popular northern belles, and Mr. Howard is a favorite member of the Bachelors Club here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Newerf of 424 Monterey road entertained Monday evening with a bridge. In the library white iris was used for decorations, in the living room were violets and in the dining room the table was aglow with jonquils. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Reavis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Council, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mahon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gortner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Monahan, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Carl McStay, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. George Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Newerf, Miss Charlotte Butterfield, Miss Ellen Butterfield and Mr. G. S. Butterfield.

Mr. and Mrs. John Richard Johnston are at home to their friends at the residence of Mrs. Johnstone's sister, Mrs. Waller Chanslor, 6 Berkeley square. Mr. and Mrs. Chanslor left last week for the east. They will go to Portland after their eastern visit, and will stay there for the next six months.

Miss Bernice Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Harrington, became the bride of the Rev. John Garth Tuesday evening, at the home of her parents, 5661 Ash street. Cherokee roses and ferns were used in decorating, and the service was read in the living room, beneath a canopy of greenery and roses. The bride wore white silk, trimmed with Irish lace, and carried a shower of lilies of the valley. Miss Gail Farnsworth was maid of honor, and the Misses Beryl Pinney, Selina Williams, Addie Lawson and Margaret Lawson carried the ribbons which formed the aisle for the procession of the bridal party. Mr. Don Younken served the groom as best

man. After a wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Garth left for Encampment, Wyoming, where Mr. Garth's parish lies.

Mrs. O. F. Brant of 3131 South Figueroa street entertained Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon in honor of Mrs. J. S. Chapman, who has been much feted since her return from abroad. The affair was also in compliment to Mrs. W. L. Blair of Cleveland, Ohio. Covers were laid for twelve at a table decked with spring blossoms and greenery.

Miss Marguerite Cardell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Cardell of Manhattan Place, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fortune Lanier of Coronado for a month, will return to Los Angeles early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Whitaker have deserted Venice for their own home at 815 West Eighteenth street, after a residence of three years at the beach. Tuesday evening they presided at a dinner party, the table being embellished with jonquils. Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. George Burrell, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kinsey, Mr. and Mrs. Roth Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa, and Dr. W. A. Smith.

Mrs. Gustav Wilkie and Miss Wilkie of Hotel Alvarado gave a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday afternoon, covers being laid for twelve at a table bright with California poppies.

In honor of Miss Ione Bean, who will become the bride of Mr. A. J. Kisselburg the coming week, Miss Katherine Weiss was hostess at a miscellaneous shower Wednesday afternoon at her home on Budlong avenue. Violets were used in the decorations, and guests were the Misses Irene Benson, Marjorie McClure, Margaret McNeely, Clara Estep, Marguerite Vincent, Katherine Ramsburg, Myrly Russell, Lola Crippen, Lillian Hulbert, Marie Cline, Ella Wood, Alice Nish, Dorothy Davidson, Marion Stewart, Erma Reed,

Lydia Nebeker, Elizabeth Weiss, Edith Gillette, Ethel Morin and Norma Sweeney.

Mrs. Albert C. Bilicke of Monterey road entertained Wednesday afternoon with a musical in honor of Mrs. J. S. Chapman, who has been much feted since her return from abroad. The program was rendered in the ballroom, which was a vision of beauty in roses and ferns. Mlle. Dorothy Clemente Chevrier was the soloist, and the Adolph Tandler quartet gave several numbers. Programs of blue and gold were dainty souvenirs. One hundred and twenty-five guests enjoyed the afternoon, and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles E. Noyes, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. Archibald McCutcheon, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., and Miss Hernandez.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine and their daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, will leave April 10 for Holland, where they plan to stay several weeks. They will also visit France and Italy, and will pass the summer in Switzerland. Mrs. S. S. Wharton and her daughter, Miss Emma Wharton of Memphis, Tenn., who have been visiting here as the guests of Mrs. Wharton's brothers, Messrs. W. D. and Woods R. Woolwine, will remain another month in Los Angeles before returning east.

Mrs. H. A. Moore gave a matinee party Wednesday at the Mason Opera House, followed by tea at the Alexandria. Pink Killarney roses decorated the tea-table, and covers were laid for Mrs. C. A. Barnes, Mrs. Dwight Satterlee, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. E. A. Shannon, Mrs. H. E. Southworth, Mrs. W. H. Sibbald, Mrs. Lewis Ellison, Mrs. P. A. English, Mrs. W. H. Kennedy and Mrs. Carroll Boulter.

Mrs. J. M. Le Roy of 158 Sycamore avenue Hollywood, has issued cards for a tea party April 10. Receiving with her will be Mrs. Hampton Story, Mrs. Helen Steckel and Mrs. John A. Henderson.



# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

In the heart of everyone lies a love for romance, for melodramatic situations, if they are properly thrilling, for courage and dare-deviltry—and strongest of all is the love for the handsome hero who has strayed from the straight and narrow path. Road-agent or pirate, hold-up man or murderer, if the hero has a romantic reason for it all and does it in gallant guise, he has a far greater appeal than has the inhumanly good gentleman who has never even cast a side glance at the pleasant fields that lie beyond the straight road. Therefore, it was to be expected that Charles T. Dazey's new play, "Captain Lafitte," which is being given its first production at the Burbank, should have success. Lafitte is a gallant gentleman, a Robin Hood of the seas, a fasci-

nunciation of him. Then comes the strife of war. Lafitte gathers his pirate crew about him, offers their services to defend the American flag, and proves himself a brave and canny soldier. He is enabled to save Diane from a threatening situation in which she is proved a spy and informer. Diane is also won over to the American cause—and to Lafitte's arms. It is a pretty tale, with much action, and with few faults. Diane's conversion to the cause of the Americans and Lafitte is a little too abrupt, and should be brought about in more dramatic fashion. The battle scene in the last act would be greatly improved were the soldiers to be swept down by the Britishers coming over the breastworks, with Lafitte dueling with Casa Calvo—only to be rescued by the inrush of Jean's pirates. The scene



VALERIE BEGERE, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

nating ocean highwayman of an easy courtesy and a fetching self-possession; a man who can turn a pretty phrase to compliment a woman's eyes as well as he can turn the muzzle of a gun to subdue a resisting victim; unscrupulous, but not wholly bad; a respecter of women and of good men—withal, a fiction character of great charm. The playwright tells of Jean Lafitte's coming to visit an old friend, Madame Ramee, in the guise of a French gentleman, and there meeting Diane Vallere, a Creole heiress who calls to him as no other woman has done. Diane is half-engaged to Marquis Casa Calvo, former governor of Louisiana, and the two of them are plotting to help England gain Louisiana—Diane for love of country, Calvo for personal gain. Lafitte's identity is revealed, and Diane's wounded heart finds expression in her de-

is scenically triumphant, but not "fistic" enough. Nor is it artistic to bring the women on the battlefield while the fray is still raging. Their appearance beforehand is well enough, but their rushing on for the climax reaches the point of absurdity. To Forrest Stanley belong the honors of the production. Wearing his costumes with the grace of a Chesterfield, melodious of voice, good to look upon, alternately gracious and commanding of manner, Stanley exudes the spirit of romance and bravery. His is a veritable triumph. Donald Bowles makes his reappearance on the Burbank stage and plunges into instant popularity as the "tired" Antoine Archard, who is awakened from sloth by soldier duty. Two new members makes favorable impressions—Franklyn Munnell scoring as Casa Calvo and Clifford Robertson as Captain

## Easter Millinery

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Shannahan. Nor is there a more gallant figure in the lot than the General Jackson of David Hartford. It seems a pity that Genevieve Blinn was cast for Diane. The part calls for a vivacious and youthful girl who can give the impression of hot-headed impulsiveness as well as womanly capriciousness. Miss Blinn fails signal-ly in making Diane a sympathetic part. Grace Travers is charming as the highbred Madame Ramee, and Lola May is a winsome Caline. One of the best things in the production is the little negro lad of Master Pablo Ferrando. There are many minor roles done in a major fashion. The scenic equipment is the work of an artist. Robert Brunton has done himself proud, and his stage pictures are masterpieces.

### "Pink Lady" at the Mason

One's anticipations were raised to a white heat by the heralds of "The Pink Lady," only to be mercilessly chilled in the waters of disappointment. It is unfair to Manager Wyatt, to the patrons of the Mason opera house and to the lessees themselves to send out a mediocre company in a show which needs the best of support to carry it to success. "The Pink Lady" has a book of surpassing dullness, without a clever line, an inexcusable fault, for the plot should yield a rich harvest of fun, whereas the only mirthmaking is due to the efforts of two comedians. The extent of its appeal may be judged by the fact that in Monday night's audience most of the applause came from the ushers—save in approval of the one big song and the work of two of the principals. As Philippe Dondidier, dealer in antiques, who is persuaded to pose as a satyr in order to rescue a young man from a difficult situation, John E. Young is genuinely funny in the mildest sort of manner. A weirdly unbeautiful comedienne, Josie Intrepide, is an invaluable assistant as Madame Dondidier—in fact more than once she wrests the honors from Mr. Young. The principals are not especially well chosen. Olga De Baugh, who plays the Pink Lady, plays the violin much better—her rendition of the star-song of the piece, "My Beautiful Lady" is the only thing she does that is of more than average worth. She is pretty and pink, but she cannot sing, and is without magnetism. Marguerite Wright as Angele is much better, although her lyric soprano flats alarmingly at times. For the part of Lucien Garidel who gets all his friends into trouble, a sweet young person of the name of Roland Bottomly has been chosen. His acting suits his name, and his singing

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suits no one. The "Beautiful Lady" song, the ca'chy "Girl by the Saskatchewan" an odd conceit called "Donny Did, Donny Didn't," and the tinkling "I Like It" are among the best song features. The piece is sumptuously staged and gowned, the chorus is large and trained to a finish, with a number of excellent dancers doing brief specialties that appeal to the audience far more than do the principals. Manager Wyatt had prepared a big surprise for Monday night. The foyer was aglow with pink blossoms, a "pink lady" distributed pink programs, two pink-clad pickanninies gave each incoming patron a great pink carnation, and even the martyred ushers were smart in pink shoulder bands. The effect was beautiful, especially that attained in the flower-banked marble fountain.

### Novelties at the Orpheum

Louise Dresser, that adorable pink and white blonde who has a way with her, is toplined at the Orpheum this week, but her opening Monday matinee was inauspicious because of a heavy cold which made it almost impossible to "get over." Miss Dresser's program of songs was not well chosen, although her singing of "Babyland"—despite the fact that Miss Dresser could not do herself justice and that song is a dangerous experiment to spring on a vaudeville audience—held her listeners to the last whisper, in fact, held them in silence a moment after the song, before the applause became tumultuous. It is to be hoped that Miss Dresser will not be judged by her first week's performance, as her physical unfitness casts a shadow which obscures her real worth. She should be persuaded to cast off her "When I Was Twenty-one and You Were Sweet Sixteen" song, since it is an unworthy imitation of the popular "Old Gray Bonnet" ballad. An elaborate dancing act, with little excuse for the elaboration, is "La Somnambule." Miss Payne's graceful work would be more effective without the background of pantomime which at times approaches the absurd.

Her work and the interpolations of Julia Biddle as a housemaid give the act its real value. Claude Reed does several amazing stunts on the slack wire, clad in legitimate evening costume, and James Donovan and Charles M. McDonald maulder a great deal in an Irish sketch, "My Good Friend." Julius Tannen continues a big favorite, despite the fact that he turns on the tremolo of a David Warfield imitation and also thrusts a sermonette upon his audiences, which, however, are willing to accept anything with enthusiasm so long as Tannen is the sponsor. Harry Beresford and company, Ida O'Day and the Flying Ballet are holdovers.

#### Great Actresses in Films

Many theatergoers who have been unable to see Sarah Bernhardt on her farewell tours of the United States are enjoying the moving pictures at the Majestic this week, and those who have witnessed the work of this mistress of historionism are finding great delight in her enactment of that favorite drama, "Camille." A French company seems especially suited to motion pictures, since it is generous with its gestures and the faces are wonderfully mobile. Therefore, even though the Bernhardt company is unaccustomed to the camera, the effect gained is excellent, strikingly so in the case of the star herself. Madame Rejane is not so well known in this country, but in the more light-hearted "Madame Sans-Gene" she is carving a niche for herself—even if it be through the medium of a film.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Lottie Blair Parker's play, "Under Southern Skies," will have its first local stock production at the Belasco theater, beginning with the performance Monday night. Wherever the theater exists, Mrs. Parker's earlier play, "Way Down East" is known. In "Under Southern Skies," she has given the stage a similar work, which while it is essentially a comedy, has many moments of intense dramatic power. In the part of the young heroine whose mother has deserted her home, Miss Barriscale will find opportunities for more varied acting than has come to her in many weeks. William Dowlan, the new leading man of the Belasco company will have the part of Burleigh Mavor, Robert Ober will have the role of Ambrose Mavor, Howard Hickman will be Colonel Paul Daubeny, Thomas MacLarnie will play Major Crofton and others of the popular company will be found in the long cast. Scenically, "Under Southern Skies" will be one of the Belasco's most elaborate productions, a series of rich stage pictures being promised.

Edwin Milton Royle's notably successful play, "The Squaw Man," will be the offering of the Burbank stock company for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee. "The Squaw Man" is a popular play in Los Angeles, and seems particularly well suited to the talents of the Burbank organization. The story of the "Squaw Man" is of a titled young Englishman, who shields his cousin from punishment, by taking upon his own shoulders the guilt of a theft. He is ostracized from his people and comes to America, where he settles upon a Wyoming ranch, taking as wife a squaw who saves his life. He is faithful to his wife, despite the fact that he loves his English cousin, and does not return to the old country until the Indian girl dies. "The Squaw Man" is full of adventure, with big, powerful moments, much action and considerable comedy. Forrest Stanley will have the title role, and Franklyn Munnell will play "Cash Hawkins," the "bad man." Other popular members will be well cast, and the scenery will be unusually picturesque.

Klaw and Erlanger's musical comedy de luxe, "The Pink Lady," begins its second week's engagement at the

Mason Opera House Monday night, and remains there the following six nights and two matinees, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The musical comedy contains a large number of song hits, and its chorus is one of the best drilled ever seen in this city. One of the big features of the production is the violin playing of Olga De Baugh, who has the title role, and the comedy work of James Young and Josie Intropodi has come in for much praise. After "The Pink Lady" comes Alice Lloyd, England's famous singing comedienne, who will make her first appearance in Los Angeles as a musical comedy star, Monday evening, April 8. She will have the leading part in last season's eastern success, "little Miss Fix-It." Miss Lloyd will have a number of song hits and will give interest to the famous dance novelty, the "Turkey Trot." Miss Lloyd's stay is scheduled for two weeks.

With two vaudeville stars on the incoming bill, and with Louise Dresser remaining over, the Orpheum has an embarrassment of riches for the week opening Monday matinee, April 1. Valerie Bergere who is one of the great favorites of the circuit, will appear with her own players in a little drama by the late Victor Smalley, entitled "Judgment." It has a sensational plot and affords Miss Bergere excellent scope for her emotional ability. Miss Ida Fuller, the other star, is well known here also. She comes with a corps of young girls in a series of sensational and spectacular dances which she has oddly termed, "If," the cognomen being the combination of her own initials. There are several separate dances in the series, given with the assistance of a wealth of accessories which have been patented by Miss Fuller. Other newcomers are Percy Waran, an English actor, in W. W. Jacob's sea story, "The Bos'n's Mate;" Kranz and White, the two young chaps who sing and play for fun, and Cole de Losse in the "different wire act." Miss Dresser has new songs programmed, and the holdovers are "La Sonnambule" and Donovan & McDonald. The orchestral music will be of its usual high standard, and new motion pictures will be on view.

Ferris Hartman and his company will say farewell to their thousands of Los Angeles admirers Saturday, April 6, and real regret follows their departure. Mr. Hartman and his entire company will at once begin a road season which will include practically every city of consequence between here and Denver, and as far north as British Columbia. This tour will last until next November, when the company will return for the regular Hartman winter season. "The Girl and the Boy," Walter de Leon's merry musical comedy, will be continued at the Grand as the farewell offering. Many persons who have already enjoyed the entertainment will undoubtedly visit it again to say farewell to the Hartman favorites—and to wish them goodbye and good luck. The Grand Opera House does not close when Mr. Hartman leaves here. Messrs. Howell and Skinner have leased the place, and will present the Armstrong Follies Company in musical comedies and burlesque for an indefinite season beginning Monday, April 8. Ethel Davis, Ed and Will Armstrong, Gus Leonard, Clara Howard, and the other Armstrong favorites will be in the cast. Two performances will be given every night, and matinees daily except Mondays and Fridays.

In deference to public wish, "Pop" Fischer and Harry James do the expected thing and announce a third week of the double bill which so auspiciously opened the Fischer's Follies season at Fischer's Lyceum—the home of music, laughter and pulchritude. For the coming week there will be in evidence the same strong cast that greeted patrons of the opening night. Neither "The Neverhomes" nor "The Song Birds" will be changed in any partic-

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The Girl and The Boy

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ular. The "greatest chorus in captivity" has become machine-like in its perfection of movement and song, and the principals are thoroughly versed in their parts. The roll includes May Roley, Herbert Cawthorne, Texas Guinan, Georges Simonet, Bob Lett, Ann Montgomery, Lon Chaney, Madison Smith, Bud Duncan, Mlle. Vanity, Gertrude Short, and the rest. With numerous song hits, the delightful grand opera music and the complete ensemble, the show merits the popularity it has attained. The bargain matinees Wednesday will continue to be "two bit" affairs and popular prices will prevail at all other performances.

Madame Bernhardt as "Camille" and Madame Rejene as "Madame Sans-Gene" have aroused much enthusiasm in their motion-picture plays, and the views will be continued a second week at the Majestic, where they are attracting crowded audiences. Those who have contended that the voice of Madame Bernhardt is her greatest charm should not fail to see these pictures. In her presentation of "Camille," she has surrounded herself with her original Parisian company—practically the same that was here a year ago. The film is particularly true, for it shows every gesture, every typical Bernhardt movement. The second film, of Madame Rejene, reveals the foremost comedienne of France in Sardou's masterpiece of the gentler side of the life of Napoleon, "Madame Sans-Gene." This is a mammoth production historically correct and beautifully given. The pictures are of unusual value, being remarkably clear, without the flicker that mars so many motion views. This will positively be the last week of the films.

Other cities of the United States have begun movements for the Cultural Art Center, and the club women of Los Angeles have planned to start the sentiment here. Sunday afternoon, April 7, at Shrine Auditorium, Tetrazzini and her excellent company will be heard in recital. The great department stores, the factories, the mills, the oil fields, and small retail stores have all sent requests for tickets for their employees, showing that they recognize music as one of the essentials of education. The local endeavor has not received the proper support from financial circles, but the club women are making a brave effort, and it is apparent that the "popular-price" Tetrazzini concert is to be a big success. Heretofore, those who have hungered for music worth while have been deterred by the high prices. The possibilities of a municipal auditorium, handled not by politics but on principle, is shown by this movement. This is the first time Tetrazzini has sung at bargain prices, and it is the women of Los Angeles who have secured this result. They are seeking to do the greatest good to the greatest number of people, realizing that although many may be hampered by poverty they are appreciative of the good things of life and their taste may be cultured through such mediums—which have always been denied them because of lack of means. Surely a plan which will give them these things should receive the hearty support of every Los Angelan. If these concerts prove a success Los Angeles will be able to secure the Normal site as an art center for municipal good.

Allesandro Bonci, the great lyric tenor, will give a program of old and modern songs and operatic gems at the Auditorium April 9, as the fifth event on the Philharmonic course. This is positively the only Bonci concert in this city. He will, however, be heard with the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra the afternoon of April 12, singing four numbers. Last season hundreds were turned away at the Symphony concert when Bonci appeared. Bonci is voluntarily giving up his operatic career for the concert stage; opera thereby losing a great

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph Gioia, whose postoffice address is No. 801 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 1st day of November, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 01458, to purchase the S 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$160.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
014591  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 16, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the S 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 15; S 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 14; NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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# Books

Rand, McNally and Company have just brought out "a literary discovery" in Honore de Balzac's book, "Love in a Mask" (L'Amour Masque). It seems that in gratitude to the Duchesse de Dino for her kindness, Balzac presented her the story, in his own handwriting. It was discovered by her son, M. Maurice de Tallyrand-Perigord, and presented by him to Lucien Aubanel, and by M. Aubanel to M. Gillequin who had it published in March, 1911. Had "Love in a Mask" appeared a score of years ago, Elinor Glyn would have been accused of plagiarism, for the central situation of "Three Weeks" corresponds amazingly with that of Balzac's production. His heroine, a charming and cultured woman, Eleanor de Roselis, is widowed while away from France—fortunately widowed since her husband has been a brute. Eleanor desires a child with all the strength of her soul, but she is afraid to take on again the shackles of matrimony. She evolves the mad scheme of yielding herself to a lover who shall give her the child—although she will never reveal her identity. At a bal masque she meets Leon de Preval who rescues her from an awkward situation and immediately becomes enamored of her charms, despite her concealing mask. She escapes from him, but his memory lingers in her heart. Ascertaining from inquiry that he is of spotless character, she again meets him, this time making an appointment. Then, when Leon is mad with love from his brief possession of her, she again disappears, and he hears from her only when word is sent him of birth of a daughter. Leon's persistent search is unavailing, and Balzac tells in inimitable manner how he again finds his unknown love, and finally wins her and his child. What in Mrs. Glyn's crude phrases was a picture of mere animalism, in Balzac's masterful writing in a work of art, an expression of the poetry of passion. While we may not approve Eleanor de Roselis' action, we do not condemn, because of the purity of its recounting. It would be like damning the Venus de Milo because of its partial nudity. The book will prove a unique addition to the libraries of Balzac's many American devotees. ("Love in a Mask." By Honore de Balzac. Rand, McNally Co.)

#### Love, "The Fusing Force"

Since the world began love ever has been "The Fusing Force" that has welded the nations. Men have gone forth to subdue their neighbors and have in turn been conquered by the women of the vanquished. Culture, progress and the highest development of the nations have thus been served repeatedly, as every reader of history well knows. Nor has the process ceased with the passing of the dark ages of war and bloodshed. It is this selfsame miracle-worker that is the main motif in Katherine Hopkins Chapman's "Idaho Idyl." Prof. Knox LeConte Kellogg, a college professor in disguise, who is pursuing scientific investigations into the nature of the country and sociological conditions in "ungodly Idaho" of the Haywood-Pettibone and bomb-throwing period, makes the remarkable discovery in answer to his queries "How are they (the aliens emigrating to this country) to be incorporated into the body politic? What, who, will be the American of the future? What force will mold them into a composite creature?" that Nature is still entrusting much

of her important diplomatic business to Dan Cupid. "Love combines the members of a family into a unit of usefulness in the community. Love of state or section compacts these communities into influential factors. Love of our country, forged to white heat by a national crisis, will fuse all the sections of this Union into a power or patriotism that will awe—will overawe the world." To make the professor's pursuit of knowledge more entertaining and agreeable Dr. Bondurant, a Southern gentleman and the employer of the pseudo miner, brings his wife and charming young sister, Charlotte Bondurant, to pass several months at "Politeness Pays," the doctor's claim. Of course, every one, but Dr. Bondurant and his wife, knows before the first chapter is completed that Kelly is a great man in a remarkably thin disguise—even the miners, ignorant, rough and ungodly men though they are pictured, see through his masquerade, and the reader is frankly taken into confidence at once. And there is Ivan, too—a nobleman or something other than he would have his neighbors believe. Governor Gooding races across the stage in unconventional fashion, and all sorts of extraordinary experiences occur, that appear strangely wild and woolly even for Idaho. Really, it does seem a little unfair to take such liberties with the reputations of Idaho's citizens, even for so good a love story as "The Fusing Force." There are probably as many Pintos (if not more) as there are Gilstraps and Burchards in the state. The descriptions are delightful color schemes of brown and gold, and the general effect of the reading is pleasingly entertaining. ("The Fusing Force." By Katherine Hopkins Chapman. A C McClurg & Co.)

#### Irish Folk Stories for Boys

What the tales of gentle King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table are to the English boy the legends of Cuchulain are to the Irish laddie; and all boys are interested in the records of wondrous brave deeds of the world's heroes. Early Irish annals record that Ireland was divided into four great sections, Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connacht—or Connaught—and while a wonderful national feeling repelled the attacks of foreign invaders there were waged many cruel wars between the leaders or kings of the several sections. When Queen Maeve was ruler of Connaught, internal trouble disturbed Ulster. King Fergus mac Roy married a queenly woman named Ness and abdicated the throne in favor of his son, temporarily. Dissatisfied because Conor would not return his power and kingly honor Fergus later went to Queen Maeve to stir up a war against his faithless stepson, Conor mac Nessa. About this time a great warrior was doing such marvelous deeds of bravery that he was lovingly styled Cuchulain, the Hound of Ulster; and the poetical pagan legends of the period are full of his glory and strength. Eleanor Hull's "Boys' Cuchulain" collects and recites, not only how Cuchulain received his name, of his military training and visit to Scath, the fairy woman-warrior who taught him his most wonderful feats of prowess, of his wooing of Emer, of his encounter with the army of Queen Maeve and defense of Ulster while King Conor and his men slept, of his visit to the Land of All Delights and the decadent effect upon him, of the three bonny sons of Usna and the lovely Deidre and of Cuchulain's last

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
03920  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George Addison Fremlin, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on February 19, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11272, Serial No. 03920, for Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 4, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 26th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Louis Oliviera, Jackson Tweedy, Thomas Dorf, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Jos Russell, of Newbury Park, Cal.

FRANK BUREN,  
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
010181  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 6, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 010181, for S 1/2 SE 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lois E. McBride, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Charles Farrow, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Frank Slet, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Henry Mundell, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

stand on the plains of Murthemne, but many beautiful stories of the Druid days, of Og and other pagan gods, and ways in Ireland's happy times. All the poetry and mystical meaning is preserved without a hint of pedantry to alarm the youthful mind. The legends as recounted represent much careful study and research on the part of the recitalist, and to the charm of the treatment is added the knowledge that in the Ireland and Scotland of today are spots that still speak of the glory of Cuchulain. ("The Boys' Cuchulain." By Eleanor Hull. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)



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#### Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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# Stocks & Bonds

High class investment trading continues the feature of Los Angeles Stock Exchange operations, with the volume of business considerably above the average this week. Doheny Mexicans, the Stewart petroleums, and the important banking issues have held the center of the stage, since the last report.

Mexican common has declared a quarterly dividend of one per cent, payable May 1, with an intimation that there are to be unexpected extra disbursements, in the event that political troubles south of the Rio Grande are ended by that time. The company is earning better than eight per cent that might be applied to this particular purpose, and as the shares now are pretty closely held it will always be considered good business to cut as many melons as possible. The preferred also is to come in for additional remembrances soon, it is reported. Both issues are remarkably firm, everything considered, with the market in pretty fair condition.

Among the Stewart oils there appears to be a genuine demand for stock with prices more than ordinarily firm. Union and its affiliations will be dividend off to-day. It is reported that the company is to borrow half a million dollars in Chicago.

Associated, after trying hard to work up, has fallen back again to former levels. The stock is about 46½, with not much doing here, although San Francisco appears to be wanting to accumulate the shares. Central is dearer than in years.

Among the Santa Maria oils Western Union has lost more than ten points; Rice Ranch is ruling much stronger than the market has shown of late. The several lesser dynamiters are beginning to show form. California Midway has been gaining this week, and National Pacific is exceedingly strong, considering that the stock was assessment due up to Thursday. One of these days this issue should come back to an extent.

Industrials are easy, with the Edison Electrics in demand, and with L. A. Home preferred more than eager to advance. It is being held down by interests anxious to accumulate cheap stock. Bank shares are quiet, with All Night & Day, German American Savings, First National and Security S. & T. wanted at a price. National of California also is in demand, with Citizens National and Central National never in the market when there are purchasers for the shares. F. & M. National is easier. Bonds are not active.

Mining issues continue to show signs of activity, with Consolidated Midway and Johnnie favorites among local traders.

Money conditions remain ideal in every way.

#### Banks and Banking

Reports for the week ending March 21 show bank clearings of \$3,295,005,000 for the United States, over \$2,828,043,000 for the corresponding week last year. Los Angeles' gain is 24.6 per cent, her clearings aggregating \$22,483,000.

San Bernardino County Savings Bank \$150,000.

Los Angeles has a new mortgage concern, with a capital of half a million. It is the United Mortgage Cor-

poration, and its officers are W. O. Welch, president, Dr. F. W. Rayburn, vice president, W. J. Tummonds, treasurer, C. H. Foss, secretary, Major D. R. Weller, C. W. Randall and Dr. R. C. Baker. Eventually, the corporation will be reorganized so that it may do a general banking business.

Judge Conrey has handed down a decision that the occupation tax imposed on banks and other large corporations in Los Angeles is valid and is not double taxation, as the banks complained.

San Pedro's Bank & Trust Co. will erect a two story brick bank building.

Since the postal savings bank opened Sept. 15, more than 3700 accounts have been opened, of which 3000 are now alive. Almost a quarter of a million dollars are deposited in the government institution.

Pasadena's Security National Bank, of which Ernest H. May is president, has been granted a charter.

Organization of the First National Bank of Van Nuys has been completed, with a paid up capital of \$50,000. H. J. Whitley is president, Lewis C. Bliss, cashier, and the directors are M. H. Sherman, Harry Chandler and O. J. Wigdal.

J. H. Adams Co. of this city was awarded the \$50,000 Municipal Improvement sewer bond issue of Santa Maria, at a premium of \$970.

It is probable that Claremont will call a vote on the question of issuing bonds for the purchase of the Claremont Light & Water Company.

San Bernardino has disposed of the Chaffey Union High School District bonds of \$100,000—half of the entire issue—at a premium of \$4035 to the Harris Trust & Savings Bank of San Francisco.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Election will be held April 5 in the Ocean View school district, Huntington Beach, on the question of issuing \$10,000 bonds for a new school, bonds to be of \$1000 each, bearing 5% interest.

Santa Barbara will call a special vote on a tax levy of either \$25,000 or \$30,000 for the construction of Mission Creek bridges.

Belvedere School district bonds of \$18,000 will be readvertised for bids, to be received up to two p. m., April 8.

Election will be held April 20 in the Yorba Linda School district on the question of issuing \$10,000 bonds, bearing 5% interest, payable semi-annually, bonds to be of \$1000 each.

Sealed proposals will be received up to 11 a. m., April 5, 1912, for the purchase of school bonds in the sum of \$27,000, or any portion thereof, of Newport Beach School District, bonds to be of \$1000 each, bearing 5% interest, payable semi-annually.

C. G. Stephens & Co. of San Diego were the successful bidders for the \$6000 Oceanside school bond issue, purchasing them at 5½% interest, for a total of \$6,269. San Diego will vote Tuesday, May 7, on an issue of \$680,000 for extending sewers, water mains, etc., and making street improvements, building and repairing bridges, etc. The board of trustees has introduced ordinances authorizing the issuance of \$155,000 bonds sanctioned in the recent election for the paving of Orange avenue from the ferry to Hotel Del Coronado and for other street improvements. The estimated cost is \$80,000.

San Bernardino County Savings Bank \$150,000.

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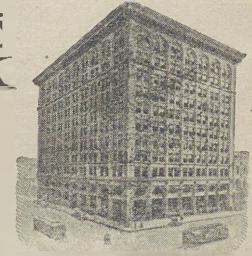
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and the remaining \$75,000 will be used in the construction of a sea wall.

Riverside county's Union School district has voted to increase the bonds for school purposes from \$5000 to \$7000.

San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake road has taken out a deed for a bonded indebtedness of \$70,000,000 from the Guarantee Trust Co. of New York. The bonds are to run for fifty years, will bear 4% interest and will be used to purchase equipment, make extensions, etc.

Venice has voted a bond issue of \$60,000 for the provision of additional grammar schools. Another election will soon be called for the purpose of voting on a \$43,000 issue for the construction of a garbage incinerator and the extension of the ocean outfall sewer.

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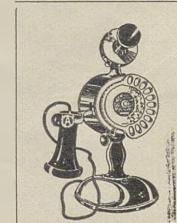
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